McKean County Miner.

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1908. NO. 29

SMALL RIOT AT ELDRED LAST NIGHT.

Gospel Workers Resist Arrest of Their Leader.

BISHOP EASTMAN WAS ARRESTED

Borough Officers and Special Officers Clash—Weapons Were Drawn—Eastman was giving Other Religions Terrible Scoring. Bishop Released Later.

Things were pretty lively down at Eldred for a while last evening. For the past week the Gospel Workers, more familiarly known as the "Holy Rollers" have been holding a camp meeting in the Eldred driving park. Last night while Bishop Eastman was delivering his address in which he was making some terrible charges against Roman Catholics and Catholicism, the crowd became so incensed that Officer Ives was instructed to stop the Bishop or place him under arrest, in order to prevent a riot.

When Mr. Ives started for the platform he was intercepted by some of the Special Officers, members of this religious sect, and one of them drew a revolver. At this stage of the game several others interfered and in a very short space of time there was a general mix up. Women and children were badly frightened and great excitement prevailed, but no one was seriously injured, in fact as near as we can learn no blood was spilled.

At the close of the performance now on the program, the great evangelist, Eastman, was in the hands of Officer Ives who escorted him to the city building. There after a long consultation he was released and it is understood that no prosecutions will be made, providing the speakers do not overstep themselves too far in the future.

If this paper has been correctly informed, the Gospel Workers anticipated that trouble would arise from Eastman's address last night. Yesterday one of their special officers called at the Sheriff's office here and wanted to borrow handcuffs, and it is further reported that some of them attempted to borrow revolvers from the citizens of Eldred.

An Impending Disaster.

Kane field in this beautiful burg will be the scene of bloodshed and carnage to-morrow afternoon when Lee's Limbergers and Gillette's Gelly Fingers cross swords or bats and give up their lives if necessary, on the field of honor or disgrace as the case may be. In order to deceive the police and Humane Society, this affair will be pulled off under the guise of a baseball game, but red blood (of the grape) will be spilled before sunrise on Saturday morning.

Jasper Worken Lee, the Napoleon of finance at the Grange National Bank of McKean county, and Col. More Monte Gillette, the great general of political wars of the Buckeye State, have consented to tie loose the strings on their think bags and money bags in order to present the greatest of baseball burlesques ever perpetrated on a good-natured people. The East, West, North and South has been scoured for suitable talent, and the program shows such an array of stars as has never performed before the crowned heads of Europe.

The proceeds of this great event are to be given to the Civic Society of this place, which did such excellent work in cleaning up our streets and generally beautifying the town this spring. Therefore we consider it the duty of every citizen to buy a ticket. If you have no sense of humor and want to see a real ball game, buy a ticket and stay at home, but if you appreciate a joke don't fail to attend.

No Advance in the Price of Gas.

The report that the Smethport Gas Co. would make another increase in the price of gas this fall has been circulated more or less during the past week or more, and on Monday the writer decided to ascertain the facts in relation to the rumor.

We went the proper officers of the Gas company and were promptly informed that this rumor was entirely groundless; that the board of directors had not even discussed or spoken of a raise in price at any of their meetings, and we were authorized to state to the people of Smethport that the price of gas would not be advanced for a year at least and that it would probably be much longer before another advance was made.

Excursion via Shawmut Line to Riverhurst and Rock City Parks July 19th, 1908.

Sunday, July 19th, P., S. & N. will run special excursion to Rock City and Riverhurst Parks. Train leaves Smethport 10:27 a. m. Round trip fare to Riverhurst 75c; to Rock City $1.00.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Stusdvoint.

BRYAN AND KERN.

These are the Standard Bearers of Mr. Bryan's Democracy.

William Jennings Bryan, the "silver-tongued," "peerless" statesman from Nebraska, was again nominated for President on the Democratic ticket early Friday morning.

Three candidates were placed in nomination Bryan, Johnson and Gray. The vote on the first and only ballot stood, Bryan, 892½; Johnson, 46; Gray, 501½; not voting, 2. On motion of Mr. Hammond of Minnesota, the nomination of Mr. Bryan was made unanimous.

John W. Kern of Indiana, a politician and orator of local fame, was nominated for Vice President on the Democratic ticket last Friday afternoon. The names of John W. Kern of Indiana, Charles A. Towne of New York, James Archibald McNeil of Connecticut and Clark Howell of Georgia were all presented before the convention, but before a ballot was taken all but Kern's were withdrawn and his nomination was made by acclamation.

John W. Kern is a son of Indiana. He was born December 20, 1849, in Alto, Howard county. His father was a physician who had come from Virginia. Kern went to the public schools and later graduated from the Michigan university. He was a law graduate and he at once took up the practice of law in his home county. He was elected town attorney in 1871 and served several terms. He became noted as an orator and through his connection with a number of criminal cases won distinction as a lawyer. In 1884 he was nominated by the Democrats for reporter of the supreme court. He served four years in this office. In 1889 he resumed the practice of law, devoting himself to issues involving corporation and constitutional law. He was appointed by Attorney General Olney of President Cleveland's administration, to assist in prosecution of the wreckers of the Indianapolis bank and succeeded in convicting the principals and sending them to the penitentiary. Mr. Kern served in the State Senate of Indiana during the sessions of 1892 and 1895. He ran for Governor in 1906, but was defeated.

Killed at Ridgway.

The Kane Republican says: An automobile accident occurred at Ridgway, Pa., Tuesday evening at 7:15 o'clock, resulting in the death, three hours later, of Harry E. Smith of Warren. Miss Maud Miller of Brockwayville, was also thrown from the car but fortunately escaped with a few slight injuries. Mr. John Curry, a prominent citizen of Ridgway, who owns and who was driving the machine, escaped without injury.

The party of three started out after supper for a drive. Mr. Curry was the only occupant of the front seat and Mr. Smith and Miss Miller occupied the rear seat of the car. At the Main street crossing the view was obstructed and the auto was struck by a locomotive backing down the track with a number of cars attached.

Mr. Smith was thrown out and dragged under the tender. He was bruised and internally injured but not mangled. Miss Miller was also thrown out, but Mr. Curry succeeded in catching her skirts and prevented her from being thrown under the locomotive. The automobile was carried down the track a distance of 100 feet but was not overturned.

Attending physicians at the hospital did all in their power to save the life of Mr. Smith, but all efforts were futile. Death came at 10 o'clock.

Protection for the Fleh.

A dispatch from Augusta, Georgia, says that Representative Glenn this week will introduce in the State legislature there, a bill which is intended to protect men from the blandishments of certain ladies. The measure provides "that if any woman, whether maid or widow, shall betray into matrimony an unsuspecting male subject of the State by scents, paints, powders or perfumes, cosmetics, waters, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool or any other kind of wool, iron stays, corsets, pads or padding, hoops or high-heel shoes, low-cut waists, lingerie lace, variegated stitches or rainbow hosiery or any other deceitful means or artful practices, that marriage shall, upon conviction, be null and void."

Such a law would pretty nearly force the fair sex of Georgia back to the fads and fancies in dress of Mother Eve. Mr. Glenn is evidently a great admirer of nature's art or just an old grouch.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Excelsior Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 20 days trial; stationary when open; noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Young. The Wasson Stanchion Co., Box 557, Cuba, N. Y.

Twenty-Seventh Year.

Westbrook Commercial Academy will open its 27th year the first of September. A good school with a good record.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

MEASURING EXPERIENCE

A YEAR of experience means much or little according as we have gained one point a day or one a month. Did you ever hear the story of the young man who met the girl at a New Year's reception? He talked with her for three minutes that day, saw her again in two weeks and talked with her for five minutes, and saw her at intervals of a week or two until the first of April. Then he said to himself, "I've known that girl for three months." As a matter of fact, adding all the periods of conversation together, he had spent but thirty minutes in her company. Another man met the same girl at the same time, but at the end of the first week he had spent a total of ten hours with her—just twenty times as long as the other man had in three months.

Some men learn a business just like that—some one way and some the other. But a "year's experience" is credited to both when twelve months have rolled by.

When you count your years of experience, consider also the gait you have traveled. And you who are managers of a business, when you pay your men on the basis of another year's experience, give due credit to the man who may have lived five years in one.

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The Grange Picnic.

"To business that we love, we rise betime and go to it with pleasure." How events, by chance, and unexpected come to pass which you had not even to hope for. Thursday morning dawned *fair and just cool enough to be agreeable.* The members of the Fidelity Grange 1238 and friends began to assemble from all parts of the county to help celebrate the first anniversary of the Grange National Bank of Smethport. The bank had been beautifully decorated with flowers. The President, Mr. D. C. Young, Mr. Lee, cashier, and Mr. Brownell, assistant cashier, were delighted to extend the hand of good fellowship to all comers. Chadwick's orchestra also extended a welcome and made the bank a musical center for an hour or so. The out of town guests were numerous and included State Master W. F. Hill, Supt. of banking, Hon. John C. McHenry of Benton, Pa., who is a congressman from that district, State Lecturer, Mr. Dorsett, President of Mansfield National Bank and Mrs. Lesher of Benton, Pa.

A picnic dinner, with a dance at the opera house, was a pleasant feature of the day. At two p. m. the Patrons of Husbandry and friends assembled at the Court House. Mr. Young called the meeting to order and made some very forcible remarks. Mr. Young was raised upon a farm and knows whereof he speaks. Mr. Lee was introduced to the audience and talked on his hobby, banks and banking. Mr. Lee is very energetic and thoroughly understands his business. The State Lecturer, Mr. Dorsett, followed Mr. Lee with a pleasing talk upon the object of the Grange banks. Mr. Dorsett has a magnificent voice and pleasing personality. State Master Hill was then introduced by Mr. Young. Mr. Hill has traveled extensively abroad and made a thorough study of agricultural conditions. His talk was much enjoyed. The only regret expressed by the audience was that it was not half long enough. Mr. Lesher of Benton, Pa. talked upon educational matters, and as his early days were passed in teaching, he was well up in his subject. The last speech of the afternoon was made by the Hon. John G. McHenry and was a fitting climax for the pleasant day. Mr. McHenry spoke in a feeling manner of the wives, mothers and children upon the farms. He urged better conditions and more sociability. Mr. McHenry is a forceful and pleasant speaker. The meeting was adjourned at 4 o'clock, when the speakers were taken for an auto drive by Mr. Studholme.

A dance at the opera house in the evening was well attended. Thus ended one of the most pleasant and profitable days in the history of the Grange National Bank. "The velocity with which time flies is infinite, and is most apparent to those who look back." Thus we see in a few short years the establishment and success of the Grange movement in our locality, and especially in Pennsylvania Grange National Banks.

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Notice to Water Consumers.

As there seems to be a leak in the bottom of the reservoir which cannot be repaired until we have rain, all water consumers are requested to be careful about wasting water, as it is so low at the present time that no water is running over the dam. With proper care on the part of consumers there is no danger of a scarcity of water. Therefore this warning.

SMETHPORT WATER CO.

Hand Painted China.

Mrs. H. L. Backus has a line of hand-painted china suitable for graduation presents.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

Bryan is the Platform.

To say that the expected happened in the nomination of William Jennings Bryan to be the candidate of the Democratic party for President of the United States is to be commonplace. But why attempt to gild a situation? He was in fact the majority of the convention and named himself for first place on the ticket as has been his intention since or before the defeat of Parker. If there was anything surprising in the one roll call which stopped when Pennsylvania was reached and the nomination made by acclamation, it was that Johnson had 46 votes instead of only those of his own State, and even more surprising that Judge Gray, instead of only the six of Delaware, should have been given a total of 501½ votes.

As for the written platform, it is best described by the Bunkerism that the meeting of its observations is in the application of them. The nominee is the real platform. The literary effort is useful for comparison only. For example, we see in the real attitude of the Democracy of the moment on the questions of centralization and States rights, in the support given Bryan's invasion of the autonomy of the Pennsylvania Democratic organization, and not in the profession of standing with Jefferson in belief that support of the state governments in all their rights is the surest bulwark of anti-republican tendencies. The thing that Bryan does and not what the platform says is the forecast of what he and his party would do if the occasion should arise and they had the power. His party follows his fing. There is nothing in the written platform concerning that vast scheme as public ownership which the nominee of the Democracy gave to the nation on his return from a world tour financed by Mr. Hearst, and which he intended should be a new paramount issue and the same panacea for every ill that free silver had been paramounted to be in the campaign of 1896. Bryan retreated from silver and whether he has retreated from socialization of all transportation facilities as is merely awaiting a more favorable time is a matter of opinion. When he paramounted free silver it was with something like an assertion for it of an origin as divine as the decalogue. But when he found that it would not win votes he abandoned it and consented to "the golden calf" which the people had insisted upon having. How is that for a Moses? When he touched off the set piece of public ownership it was to reveal a picture of the golden rule going hand in hand with the beatitudes, but when it appeared that the captains and the rank and file of his party could not see it that way, and would not vote for it or its fashioner it was put away in the closet with the free silver and other skeletons. Are "great moral issues" moral only when popular?

We are interested in the preamble to the written platform adopted at Denver and return to it with some pleasure after reading the deliverance with regard to railroads, and the reference to trusts in the paragraphs relating to tariff revision. The preamble rejoices over the various investigations which have traced graft and political corruption to "the representatives of predatory wealth," etc., and sees the conscience of the nation aroused thereby "to free the government from the grip of those who have made it a business asset of the favor-seeking corporations"—a tribute to the good work of the Republican party which is surprising even when coupled with assertions that the Democratic party should be intrusted with the duty of carrying on the reforms so well begun. Why, though, as Abraham Lincoln once observed, should the people swap horses in crossing the stream, especially when the horse which they are riding has served them so well?

The platform is so very long that it is impossible to do it full justice in the space that can be devoted to it now. It might be well almost to stop at this point, and with the brief statement that many of the planks are in effect approval of Roosevelt policies designed to persuade voters that Democracy is their rightful custodian and champion in heirship to him, a thought that is emphasized by the apparent condemnation of Andrew Jackson in a paragraph denouncing the use of executive power to prolong a political dynasty.

Before leaving the platform, however, something should be said of the sounding brass of the plank on labor injunctions. The apparent purpose is to cloud and cover lack of definiteness with a noise of cymbals and bass drum obligato and it almost succeeds.

It should be mentioned, too, that the tariff utterance boils down to the same old declaration "for revenue only," making clear the need of the income tax which is advocated to keep the treasury in funds.

But after all is said that might be said—including comment on the proposal to guarantee solvency of the banker, but not the grocer—the truth remains that the real Democratic platform is not the written document intended to tickle the ear, but the nominee, and he is seen not in his present attitude of comparative reserve, but in his record of 12 years as an agitator and preacher of familiar as well as strange doctrines which the people in two campaigns refused to accept.

The nominee for Vice President needs an introduction, but he is so overshadowed that he hardly counts.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Senator Dolliver in Bradford.

That the young man of America has a chance to become an important factor in the world's affairs, is the firm belief of United States Senator Dolliver of Iowa, who lectured here last night under the auspices of the local Chautauqua. The lecture was delivered in the Lyceum, owing to the dampness which interfered with the program at the tent on East Main street. The hall was well filled with an audience that enjoyed every sentence of the Senator's brilliant discourse.

Senator Dolliver is not a speaker who depends upon the usual arts of the professional orator. On the contrary, he avoids all rhetorical affectations in his style, and in plain but graphic terms, delivers his masterly message. While he is doing this he brightens his clever discourse with scintillations of original wit and humor, quaint illustrations and terse, timely points that cause the auditors to "sit and take notice" from start to finish.

And the lesson that he gives is one of hope and promise for the young man who is energetic. The advice imparted is strictly in line with common sense and practical truth. It was a great lecture and the audience was charmed with it. Enthusiastic applause and hearty laughter were frequent.

Senator Dolliver arrived in the city at 11:54 a. m. from Des Moines, Iowa. He was met at the station by a delegation of citizens headed by Mayor R. J. Hoffman, and conveyed to the Merchant's club rooms, where he was a guest at luncheon provided by Hon. R. P. Habgood. Later he was a guest of honor at an informal reception there and quite a number of citizens were presented to the distinguished visitor.

The Senator was a guest of Hon. Lewis Emery last night, and was tendered an informal reception after the lecture, at the Emery residence on Congress street.—Wednesday's Era.

Bell Bros'. Big Mill End Sale.

The great Olean distributer of dry goods, carpets and furniture offer to their customers about 50,000 yards of Mill Ends bought of the different mills and mill agents at about one half their value.

They are circulating about 10,000 four page sheets giving the particulars of this great event. Their basement sale will be one of the great attractions. Excursion rates may be the obtained through your local agent by parties of ten or more. This will be the greatest bargain ever offered by this big store. Sale begins Saturday morning.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 11, 1908:

Miss Lottie Baker (4), Grant Mattison, William McFarlin, Ashley Thompson, Bert Titus (2).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Hogarth's Frozen Dessert, a delicious and satisfying finish to the Sunday or company dinner, will save the housewife much work and worry this hot weather. Try it. 50 cts. a quart. 2t

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

Lieutenants M. W. Lucore of Shippen and Samuel R. Beckwith of this place are now in town on short leave of absence. They are veterans of the true blue. Lieut. Lucore lead Company C, of the first Rifles through both the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, while he was only third sergeant, and during the three years passed, he has never missed an action in which the Bucktails have participated. Lieut. Beckwith is a veteran of long standing and wears honorable scars received during Freemonts campaign in the Shanandoah valley. All honor to such heros.

No day since the war began was marked by greater rejoicing than Tuesday, May 23, 1864. About ten o'clock in the morning, good news began to come over the wires. Many an honest working man and mechanic who heard it threw down his implements and gave himself up to demonstration of joy. Third street gradually began to fill up, and soon came a dispatch from fighting Gen. Hancock that he had used up Johnson and was going into Early. The enthusiasm then rose wildly. The crowd grew dense and more dense, and from the offices of the newspapers swung paper banners reaching from cave to sidewalk, inscribed with pot and marking brush, with the heads of the telegraphic dispatchers. Hour by hour the excitement grew higher. Not as when Sumter was fired upon was the character of the popular demonstration. Then all was anger and imagination, and the slimy copperhead chuckled as he passed. Yesterday all was exultation, save with that same malignant copperhead, who, as he passed, stopped his ears and slunk despondingly away.

"Thank God that Grant is at the helm!" was the reverent ejaculation from the lips of hundreds, hoary and youthful alike, especially the former. We saw aged men, spectacled and tearful, reading, but the silently thanking Omnipotence for the victory we have gained, occasionally giving utterance to audible thanks that no military charlatan or pretender is at the head of our armies. We saw secessionists forced to pass through the crowd simply, yesterday, hurrying by with their heads to their ears, to keep out the direst shouts of the newsboys, "A victory for general Grant!" Two elegantly dressed ladies emerged from the Girard Bank just as the first extra was issued. They caught the cry of the boys selling the extras, and their lips blanched. "My God, Kate," we heard one say to the other, "the Yankees are beating us!" They turned up toward Chestnut street for half a square, and then retraced their steps. "I've heard too much already," we heard one say to the other. "Let us go down to Walnut street out of the din." The other lady tried to console her companion by intimations that the news was not true, but a present of evil appeared to have been upon her, and she refused to be comforted.

Two o'clock brought still better news, —that a rebel division, with all its artillery, had fallen into the hands of Hancock.—With cheers then rent the air, and the crowd again augmented. Additional bulletins were posted, and hourly thereafter came something further, but all good and all encouraging.

The gold copperheads fought hard and died hard. Like General Lee, they put the best force upon matters and kept up the price. Let those who would not suffer stand from under now. By desperate efforts they kept up the figure to a rate beyond that for which it was selling in New York, hoping that when the crash comes that they may not share the fate of Simpson, though they pull down the edifice above them. Evening sent home cheerful crowds. Noncombattants, members of the society of Friends, who exult not in war, and advocate only peace, listened silently, though without displeasure, to the victory; and one noble member of the class went round to Geo. H. Stuart, Christian Commission, with a $500, which he gently pla turning hand; "I am opposed to war, ing per- "I can do nothing to abet war; clear this for the wounded men who fought for human liberty!" In connection it may not be out of pl to state that the Christian Com has received $10,000, the res late meeting in the Epiphany ch alone and it has one hundred, ad seventy-four unsalaried delegat at this moment among the wounded soldiers of Gen. Grant's army.—Philadelphia North American.

Sergt. B. F. Wright of Co. C. 1st Pennsylvania Rifles has been promoted to the 2nd Lieutenancy of his Company. His many friends in this community will be gratified to learn of his success, believing that he is deserving and competant for any position he may be called upon to fill.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give to your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drugs Laws. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

The Spirit of Allegiance.

A Fourth of July Story
By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE.

Copyright, 1907, by E. A. Coe.

THE street in which the McShanes dwelt was one of the least inviting of the lower west side. The long rows of old red brick buildings were ornate with non-descript collections of superfluous household articles thrust on to the fire escapes.

A boy, yelling vociferously to his kind in the street, five stories below, balanced his scantily clad little body across the iron railing of the McShane fire escape.

This was the lad's first pause since daybreak, since the young America of the neighborhood had emerged runner-

"I SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG."

ously, yet as one man, with crackers and joyous spontaneity to hail with diabolical din the nation's natal day and to awaken many a grown-up to a profane realization of the hour.

He raised himself and took a long view of the street in either direction. He broke into a surprised exclamation.

"Geeckers!" he shouted. "Look at the flags!"

For the space of a few seconds the boy gazed delightedly. He seemed to forget the thrilling bangs that filled the air. Then he glanced quickly in the direction of a nearby schoolhouse.

She's there, all right!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of a good sized gay bunting floating above the building.

A swish of skirts and a happy faced girl stood beside him.

"Who's there, and where?" she asked.

"Well, if girls don't ask the foolishest question!" sniffed the boy in undisguised scorn at the girl's query. "A flag ain't a 'who.'"

"Oh!" breathed the enlightened girl, with a smile. "She's a flag, is she? But you'd better flag yourself in to breakfast. Mother's waiting for you."

She turned to go inside. The boy caught her.

"Say, Kate, we learned somethin' at school to say to the flag. Want to hear it?"

The boy was the brightest spot in Kate's prosaic life.

"Of course I want to hear it," she replied eagerly.

At once the boy assumed a military air. With body erect and dirty little heels in close contact, he raised a grimy hand in soldierly salute to a much befreckled forehead. Ignoring surroundings and apparently addressing the flag in the distance, he repeated clearly and in a high pitched boyish voice:

"I swear allegiance to the flag and to the republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

He was immediately gathered into the girl's strong young arms.

"Terrance, my little man, you talk like the president," she exclaimed, proudly kissing the boy's red hair. "And you learned that in school? Oh, it's fine!"

She clasped him so tightly that patriotism was forced to cry out for liberty.

"Lem-me-go, lem-me-go!" roared Terrance, sputtering and wriggling from his sister's embrace. "Shre, I learnt it in school, but you needn't squeeze a feller to death about it," giving himself a reassuring shake.

"It's such a pretty speech," interrupted Kate, ignoring the uncomplimentary allusion to her sex, "that I'm going to fetch you something nice from Coney Island for learning it."

"Aw," blustered Terrance condescendingly and slipping through the window into the flat, with Kate in close pursuit. "Ain't nothin' 'cept what we say in school. Every mornin' one kid he dips the flag like this—see—an' the rest of us stand up like this—see—an' say it— Who you goin' with to Coney?" he asked abruptly, changing the subject. "Mike Peters?"

"Indeed I'm not," replied Kate with a disdainful toss of her head.

They joined their father and mother at the table.

As the family ate its breakfast Kate was bombarded with queries as to who was to accompany her to Coney.

Mike Peters and Kate's father were teamsters, and it might have been this similarity of occupation and their almost constant association which endeared Peters to the major portion of the family. It might have been his big, handsome self, his wholesome good nature, coupled with a dogged patience in waiting for Kate, that was subtly bringing the girl to a realization of his enduring devotion. This change of escort, therefore, on the day of all days for an outing naturally aroused curiosity.

Kate's days were passed in a big department store. Many persons stopped at her counter and made purchases. Some were fine people, and from snatches of their conversation she gleaned mental visions of their luxurious mode of living. Frequently she looked out covetously on to their beautiful plane of life.

She often wondered how people got rich.

But today she was for once to be "a real swell lady," as Susie Mullins had expressed it.

"Now, look a-here, yez two," interrupted Kate's mother, coming to the girl's assistance at the breakfast table. "Kate's goin' to Coney wid Susie Mullins an' two rale gintlemen as has axed the girls, an' thim as has nuthin' beels too. Shure, if she wants to be a-goin' wid quality instid av the likes av Mike Peters—an' I'm sayin' nothin' again' Mike, nayther, God bless him—why can't she?"

The question at issue seemed convincingly answered with a strong intimation that no further discussion was desired. The meal was finished peacefully, but not without some inward resentment on the part of Kate's father over the seemingly unwarranted sidetracking of Peters.

Later a gay little automobile party sped swiftly through the city streets, across the river, over vast stretches of lowlands and on to the fantastic wooden city by the sea.

It was a still gayer little party as it indulged in the pleasures and revels of the place. The light heartedness of youth made the day one of irresponsibilities and freedom, and the cloudless sky and the life giving sea breezes wrought inward with the blissful mood and high spirits of the merrymakers.

Not even a passing thought was given to the unconventional circumstances of their meeting.

Paul Ricard, chauffeur for an uptown garage, made some purchases of Kate one day.

"She is very pretty," said Ricard to himself as he noticed her delicate features, crowned by auburn hair.

When she looked up to more clearly catch the address he was giving for the delivery of his purchases he saw that her eyes were of a deep blue, and there was a hidden laugh in them. He smiled at her boldly with his great brown eyes.

The little flush, scarcely perceptible, and the slight parting of the lips telegraphed to Ricard his victory.

He found other occasions upon which to visit the store, never forgetting to pass Kate's way. An acquaintance followed, into which Susie Mullins was introduced, and the Fourth of July trip was planned.

"I may invite my friend Mathot?" he asked.

"Sure!" chimed the girls unhesitatingly.

Kate was swept to heights of ecstasy by the flattering attentions of Ricard. He was tall and handsome, lithe, dark and had winning features.

Mike Peters became merely an occasional thought.

It was evening at Coney Island. The little party had dined on the balcony of a big hotel. The quieting influence of twilight had hushed their irresponsible chatter, and they sat dreamily watching the shifting scene before them.

The ocean sighed and broke softly on the gray sandy beach.

In the distance the lighthouses flashed their warnings to ships plying their lonely ways over the dark waters.

Away off at the horizon the big moon peeped—hesitatingly, so it seemed, for a continuous performer—then, reassured by the long silvery reflection upon the waves, rose bravely to the occasion.

Kate was as if charmed.

Ricard sat complacently smoking, his eyes feasting on the changing beauty of the girl's face.

Susie and Mathot strolled away.

Then the witch of fire appeared.

Little lines of white light shone out, moving indefinitely about like illuminated snakes. They reached upward, outward and encircling; they outlined buildings; they crept high, leaving noble towers; they wrought stirring emblems commemorative of the day; they lighted the highways; they pointed to the scintillating places for the night's revels, and they traced great piers stretching far into the sea.

Coney was decked in exquisite silhouette.

Suddenly the air was filled with flamboyant glory.

Myriads of explosives shot skyward and, as swiftly as that, with blasting sounds. High in the heavens they faltered a bit as if in search of stellar allies against which to dash themselves. Then, bursting into gorgeous displays of variegations, they spread into showers of beauty simultaneous with the shouts of delighted spectators and fell gently, like brilliant, iridescent spray.

Kate was in raptures. She laughed and clapped her hands. She let out little screams of delight.

To gain a better view she moved to the railing and leaned far out. She was in danger of falling.

Ricard sprang to her side, caught her and held her protectingly with an arm encircling her.

He talked to her lightly, merrily at first; then he bent his handsome, dark head until it was close, very close, to the auburn tresses, and he spoke in deeper, more serious tones, and the girl forgot Coney in the music of his voice.

Kate caught herself wondering why Mike Peters had never acquired the pleasant ways of Ricard.

After awhile he placed a big, firm hand under her chin and raised her face so he could watch its every lineament. His dark eyes were luminous and tender. His voice was persuasive as he said something to her, now and again its tones pleading, and he emphasized his words with soft little pats on her warm cheeks.

Silently Kate's head drooped to his shoulder, and he held her tightly for the space of a few moments.

Then he took her by the shoulders gently. He stretched his arms at full length and held her there. His handsome face was aglow with exultation. Kate laughed hysterically. She felt herself helpless in his strong grasp, and she expected any moment to be gathered back with a mighty rush into his embrace.

Something dark, like a great mantle, floated noiselessly in between them, shutting each from the other's view.

Ricard caught it and flung it off.

It whipped back again, swept toward Kate and partially enveloped her.

The girl was frightened and struggled to disentangle herself. Ricard was helping her when a blaze of light from an exploding rocket revealed what they were pulling and tugging at.

It was the trailing end of a big flag moved by the shifting breeze.

Like one electrified, Kate ceased her struggles. She snatched wildly at the fluttering bunting and held it captive. Her face turned like marble, and into her eyes there came a new, strange expression as she stood motionless, her white gown gleaming here and there between the folds of the flag.

As swiftly and silently as the coming of the colors enlightenment had descended upon her.

Oblivious to the presence of Ricard and her surroundings, she was living again her commonplace existence of the morning. She was seeing her home, with its mean environments, and all was being borne in on her mind swiftly and with new significance.

Again she saw Terrance saluting the flag and heard his childish explanation.

"One nation indivisible—one nation indivisible," repeated itself over and over. Then it seemed to merge into "one home indivisible" and ever in Terrance's clear boyish voice. There could be no home indivisible if she went with Ricard into his enchanted world, as he had suggested.

With a cry that was half sob she sank to her knees, burying her face in the flag.

"Terrance!" she whispered.

Ricard had watched the girl wonderingly. Her tears brought him pityingly to her side.

"Don't! Don't do that!" he pleaded tenderly, astonishing to raise her.

Kate sprang to her feet, shuddering at his touch. She shook him off.

He was perplexed by her action. "You are tired," he ventured and took her hands in his.

She made no reply. Instead she tried to free herself. Ricard, aroused and angry, would not release her.

"You shall not shake me off," he said sternly. "You are mine." And he grasped her by the shoulders, hurting her cruelly.

She did not speak, but met his eyes unflinchingly. For the space of a few seconds they thus faced each other. He searched in vain for the light that had shone in her eyes but a few moments before. What he saw instead were

"AW—CUT—IT—OUT!" HE PROTESTED.

awakened, aroused womanly intuition, chastity and hatred. What she saw was determination, pleading.

She yielded not a bit to him.

The red haired Irish shopgirl was like the embodiment of an age of Celtic queens. He wanted to crush her, to devour her.

And still she said not a word, but looked and looked at him steadily, coldly, dominatingly. He met her gaze with equal fortitude. It was as if the souls of the man and woman were in visual combat.

Ricard's perfidious spirit swayed.

"Forgive me," he said in a trembling, humble voice. "Let me take you home."

Terrance awoke with a start when Kate, flinging herself on her knees beside his bed, commenced to smother him with kisses.

"Aw—cut—it—out!" he protested sleepily. "What'd—you—bring—me, Kate?"

"These," she replied, spreading an array of trinkets and souvenirs of the day out upon the bed—"these, dear boy"—

The boy was asleep again when she added sobbingly—"and your sister."

Bert Barber, of Elton, Wis., says: "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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Selections

ANCIENT BABYLON.

It Was Only a Village Compared With Modern London.

Another historical tie has been nailed to the counter by the German Oriental society, which has been engaged recently in uncovering the ruins of ancient Babylon.

In its report, just published, it states that practically the whole area of the city has now been laid bare and the foundations of the inclosing wall traced throughout its entire length.

The space occupied by the city was barely one square mile as compared with London's seventy, and the buildings were plain, unpretentious structures of sun dried bricks. The famous wall was about thirty feet high by four miles long and was pierced by four gates.

Herodotus made this same wall fifty miles long and a hundred feet high, with 100 gates. But then these old historians were prone to exaggeration.

They gave the world to understand, for instance, that the Colossus of Rhodes bestrode the harbor with its feet so wide apart that an hour's hard rowing was necessary in order to pass from one to the other. As a matter of fact, the statue was not a striding one, and its height was 120 feet only as compared with the 150 feet of the statue of Liberty which dominates New York harbor.

And as it is with this, so it is with most of the other wonders of the ancient world. Pompey's pillar, for example, would be dwarfed if placed alongside the Nelson column. The Albert memorial, erected in Hyde park by Queen Victoria in memory of the prince consort, is larger and more splendid than the temple built by Queen Artemisia at Halicarnassus in honor of her husband, Mausolus. A score of Ninevehs could be contained within the area of modern London, while the palace of Cyrus, which we were gravely assured was cemented with gold, was quite an ordinary edifice by comparison with, say, the new war office in Parliament street.—Pearson's Weekly.

Cosmopolitan New York.

Just think of it! New York is the first Irish city of the world. Belfast, the biggest city in Ireland, has a population of only 400,000, while this city has an Irish population of nearly 600,000. It is, moreover, the real metropolis of the Jewish race, since it has a population of 725,000. Warsaw has not quite 300,000. As for Germans, it is the third German city of the world, with nearly 700,000 native German inhabitants, Berlin and Hamburg alone exceeding her in this respect.

New York is, further, the second Austrian city in the world, the fifth Swedish, the sixth Norwegian, the seventh Italian and the eighth Russian city in the universe.—New York World.

Village Income From Golf.

The village of Brancaster has made an arrangement with the Royal West Norfolk Golf club under which it receives 4 per cent of the club's gross income, with a guarantee of not less than $250 in any year, for the use of the land which has been converted into links. Each year the money is distributed equally among householders of not less than twelve months' residence. This year's distribution has just been made, and the club paid over $315, an increase of $42 upon last year's contribution. The amount sufficed to give every householder in Brancaster $1.25 and leave a balance in hand.—London Standard.

Electric Campaign Cane.

An electric campaign cane is being manufactured as one of the novelties of the approaching presidential campaign. The handle of the cane is modeled to represent the head of the candidate in whose interests the cane is being carried. Inside the head, which is of glass, is a small electric bulb, which lights it up at night in an effective manner. Instead of being fastened directly to the upper end of the cane, the illuminated head is connected with it by a leather sleeve or neck and bobs back and forth with the swing of carrying it. The battery is placed within this sleeve.—Popular Mechanics.

The Cocked Hat.

Of course there is no reason why Mr. (or, rather, Viscount) Morley should not wear a cocked hat, but there is hardly any man whom the mind has greater difficulty in associating with that type of head covering and scarcely any type of head covering that would seem less befitting for that austere and philosophic brow. The greater the natural dignity of the wearer the more ridiculous it makes him look. Any scheme for the reform of the house of lords ought to provide for its abolition.—Manchester Courier.

Glories and Glooms.

The students of Yale university have invented some new slang descriptive of important conditions which affect the lives of young men. Here are some additions to the Yale vernacular:

"A glory"—A young woman of unusual attractiveness.

"A gloom"—A young woman of far less than average attractiveness; vide "lemon."

"A ball of fire"—A young woman whose beauty and charm are irresistible. An ideal guest for college parties; vide "peach," "pippin," "corker," etc.—New York Times.

There is one preparation known today that will promptly help the stomach. This is Kodol. Kodol digests all classes of food, and it does it thoroughly, so that the use of Kodol for a time will without doubt help anyone who has stomach disorders or stomach trouble. Take Kodol to-day and continue it for the short time that is necessary to give you complete relief. Kodol is sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A COOL GUN FIGHTER.

Shot His Man and Then Leisurely Proceeded to Sip a Cocktail.

"When I went to Tombstone, Ariz., in 1880 to practice law, there were many desperate characters in the community," said Hon. Marcus A. Smith, who has been delegate in congress from that territory for the big part of the past twenty-two years.

"At one time I could have mentioned by name no fewer than thirty five men who stood in the front rank of 'killers.' With one exception, I believe there was not one of the entire crowd who did not die with his boots on, slain by a bullet from a Colt navy six or a Winchester, in the same fashion he had himself meted out death to many of his fellows.

"It was the inexorable hand of fate that these semi-civilized beings about me met their quietus by violence. Yet some of them were as gentle in their ways as the veriest dude who strolls mincingly along Pennsylvania avenue and apparently as harmless. I recall a fair skinned, blue eyed young fellow—all your killers have blue eyes—named Harry Leslie. He was a Georgia boy and evidently the child of decent, well bred people.

"One day, while in the act of taking a drink in a saloon in Tombstone some one whispered in his ear that an enemy was waiting just outside with a Winchester and swearing to kill him the moment he emerged from the barroom. Putting down his untouched liquor, Leslie walked to the door whipped out his revolver and sent a ball crashing into the brain of the intending murderer, who never even got his rifle presented. It was the most quickly acted drama I ever saw. As soon as he watched his man fall prone to the earth Leslie walked back as cool as if it were the most trifling detail of life and leisurely sipped his cocktail.

"I was his lawyer when he was put to trial for his life, and the jury acquitted him after being out only a few minutes."—Baltimore American.

Too Big For the Booth.

Diners in a Broadway restaurant the other night were amused when a young lady wearing an enormous white straw hat trimmed with flying red wings walked up to the telephone booth in the corner and started to enter. She evidently had forgotten she was wearing her "Merry Widow," for she fetched up against the sides of the door with a bang, her hat failing to clear the opening by a good three inches on either side. However, the young lady was equal to the emergency. She calmly grasped the brim of her hat with both hands, tilted it to one side and glided through the door like a sailboat going through a drawbridge. Up to this time there had been smiles and grins, but when the young lady tried to draw the door to and found that it would not shut at all with her hat inside the room broke into a roar of laughter that shook up even the most imperturbable waiter.—New York Press.

Fought Under Six Flags.

A remarkable soldier has just died at Budapest in the person of General Stephen Turr, one of the bravest revolutionary generals that ever lived. He commenced his military career as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Then he fought for the Hungarian revolutionary government, helped to quell a German revolution and joined Garibaldi in his great struggle. On the outbreak of the Crimean war he served as a volunteer in Omar Pasha's army against Russia and finally received a commission in the British transport service. It was while buying horses for the British army at Budapest in 1855 that the general was seized by the Austrians as a deserter and sentenced to death. But both the British and French governments made such emphatic protests against this sentence that it was commuted to banishment. Finally the old soldier settled down in Paris.

Memphis on the Nile.

Memphis on the Nile, one of the greatest capitals of the ancient world, is buried beneath the ground which is now under cultivation by the villagers of Mitrahineh, who will have to be transferred to other plots and compensated before the contemplated work of excavation can proceed very far. It is estimated that an expenditure of about $15,000 annually for fifteen years will be required to excavate the temple sites, apart from the city. The unearthing of Memphis, which contained the finest school of Egyptian art, will be by far the greatest archaeological work of recent times and must result in a vast addition to the world's knowledge of ancient Egyptian history and civilization. The work will soon be begun by Professor Petrie, head of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt.

A Lazy Boy's Invention.

The long handled shovel has made over $300,000 for its inventor, and the inventor was a lazy, shiftless boy of seventeen named Reuben Davis, whose father lived in Vermont at the time. He set Reuben to digging dirt and loading it on a wagon, and the short handled shovel made the boy's back ache. One afternoon when his father was away he took out the short handle and substituted a long one and found the work much easier.

When the father returned home Reuben got a thrashing, but after the old man had used the shovel himself he said that it was a good thing and got it patented. They are now manufactured almost by the million. That boy's backache turned out to be a good thing for the Davis family.

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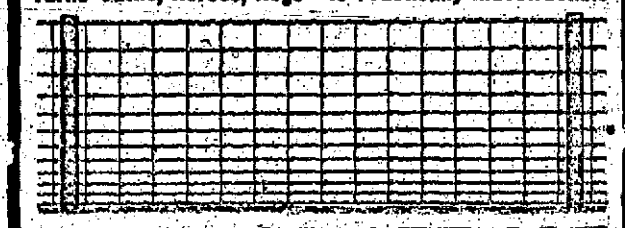

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 16, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Amandus Engstrom is painting his house.

—Remember the McKean County Fair and Races, September 15, 16, 17 and 18.

—William Wiltsie and William Durst caught a 23-pound turtle in the pond Saturday.

—A Hungarian, who was riding a bicycle, was run over by an automobile near Galeton last week and seriously injured.

—Dr. McGranor in his automobile and Orrin Phalen on his motorcycle collided in front of the postoffice at Port Allegany one evening recently. Phalen jumped in time to escape serious injury, but his cycle was badly damaged.

—A coterie of young ladies held a picnic under the "Four Pines" Tuesday. It was a most enjoyable affair. The out of town guests were Misses Flossie Freeman, Rita Gorton and Ola Badger of Smethport. Miss Edna Neil of Baltimore and Miss Vera Weir of Portville.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Robert Frazer, the 14-year old son of Mrs. Mary Frazer of East Second street, holds the championship record for the capture of trout. Thursday afternoon he captured the largest rainbow trout ever taken in Potter county. The fish measured 25 inches in length and weighed five pounds and three ounces.—Condersport Enterprise.

—To behold his own child lying dead in the path of the reaper that he was driving in the harvest field was the experience of Henry Deardoff, a well known farmer of Bonneauville, Adams county. His son Charles, 10 months old toddled into the wheat field to play, and being concealed by the tall grain, was mowed down. On making another round of the field, the father discovered the lifeless form of his child with its head severed.

—Triplets, two girls and a boy, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Studley of Cuba last Friday. The boy died on Monday, but the other children are alive and will apparently grow to maturity. Mr. and Mrs. Studley had three children the oldest five or six years old, before the advent of the triplets. The parents formerly resided in Portville, having removed to Cuba several years ago. Mrs. Studley is a daughter of J. Dibble of Bellrun and Mrs. Will Allen of Portville is her sister.—Portville Review.

—O. S. Greeley of Knapps Creek has gone to Brookville, Jefferson county, to attend the funeral of the late David Greeley, one of the earliest settlers of McKean county. Deceased was over 90 years of age and is survived by a family of nine children, O. S. Greeley being one of the sons.—Bradford Star.

—John Newcomb of Austin was seriously maimed for life on July 4th by having his right hand blown to pieces so it had to be amputated and also the sight of his left eye destroyed. He was in the act of firing a small cannon which had been fired several times before and was superheared for the next charge which was being placed in it when it exploded, blowing a large piece of iron through his hand and also his eye. He was taken to the Austin Hospital and cared for by Dr. Page.—Roulette Recorder.

—The B., R. & P. railroad company is making elaborate preparations for establishing a steel car repair shop in their yards in the Fifth ward. There have been numerous rumors afloat to the effect that the company was making various plans to bring their freight crews to this city, but this is not the case. Several of the high officials of the road have visited this city recently and the plans for the new repair shops have arrived and the building will be completed as soon as possible. A large number of men will be employed as soon as the building is completed. At present there is only one steel car shop and that is at Butler. Our informant who is in a position to know, stated that the repair shop would be a large institution and would repair cars for other railroads as well as the B., R. & P. Many railroad men are inclined to to think that this move on the part of the company of the building of the steel car repair shops is the preliminary move to eventually removing the terminal point back to this city.—Bradford Herald.

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol For Dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear sirs—I have suffered more than twenty years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 25 lbs; in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am better in health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity may be benefited. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug. 1904." Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Cures Woman's Weaknesses.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonias Dioica*) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator * * * makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "in Helonias we have a medicament which more fully answers the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Unicorn root). Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhœa; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women; constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding), due to a weakened condition of the ovaries; amenorrhœa, interrupted or absent monthly periods; ANÆMIA from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and systemic (thin blood) taint; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no lady or woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, says: "It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions * * * and general unhealthiness it is useful."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root: "In relation to its general effects on the system, *there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion.* It is universally regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal: "Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhœa (painful menstruation)."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents all the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

An Eccentric Genius.

Among the geniuses none perhaps was stranger than the poet Baudelaire who dyed his hair green, tried to strangle his father-in-law, used opium, to excess and whose excess and enlarged perverted olfactory sensations. "My soul soars upon perfumes as the souls of other men soar upon music," he wrote. But what pleased him, strangely, were odors of putrefaction, vile smells which other men abhorred and the stenches of disease which made others sick. And yet his poetry is among the most passionately musical of the literature of France. He was exceedingly superstitious, believing he would not succeed in an undertaking unless he left a house first with the left foot, and would count the number of gas lots along the streets, the numbers of cabs and numbers of doors. Adding three figures in his mind he would consider the result an omen—multiples of three good, multiples of seven reassuring, while his bad number was seventeen. Curiously, once he was thrown out of work, the figures of which he added and found amounted to seventeen.

A Sharp Swindler.

A fashionable young lady once drove up in a handsome carriage to a private lunatic asylum situated a few miles from Paris and requested to see the proprietor. Her wish being acceded to, she informed the doctor that she desired to place her husband under his care to see if a cruel, mania under which he labored—viz, "that he had lost a large quantity of jewels"—could not be removed. After some hesitation the doctor consented, and the lady drove away directly to a jeweler's in Paris and selected jewels to the value of several thousand francs and requested one of the shopmen to go with her in her carriage to procure the money for the goods she had taken. She drove with him to the asylum, and, arriving there, he was shown into a room. The lady then sought the doctor, told him of the arrival of her husband, and, getting into her carriage again drove away. The rest may be imagined, but the poor fellow was confined several days before it was found they both had been "sold." The lady was never heard of after.

Wagner's Portrait.

When Wagner was in England supervising the first production of his operas, the music enthusiasts commissioned the artist Herkomer to paint the musician's portrait, but Wagner was dashing about in such a state of frenzy that he repelled impatiently every attempt to get him to give a "sitting." Still, Herkomer stuck to him like a Bluepeter, fed with him, walked and talked with him, watched him conduct his orchestra, write music and read books. At last, when every attempt to secure a "sitting" had failed, Herkomer rose early one morning, painted with frenzied speed all day, spent a short night in restless sleep, rose early again and painted furiously, till on the second evening he sat down exhausted—but with his picture finished. Wagner was called in and threw up his hands in amazement. "Ah!" he cried. "Wonderful! That is exactly how I would like to look if I could."

Why Kelly Didn't Sleep.

"One night I went in late to Father Dempsey's hotel. Every bed was full, and there were 200 men sleeping on the floor of the recreation room. Each one of them had a newspaper under him to keep off the dust of the floor. I pointed to the little Irishman and remarked that he did not seem to be resting well.

"What's your name, my man?' Father Dempsey asked him.

"Thomas Kelly, your reverence.'

"You don't seem to be resting well, Mr. Kelly.'

"I'll get to sleep after awhile, your reverence,' he answered.

"I don't believe you will unless you change your bed. You're sleeping on a Westliche Post,' answered Father Dempsey."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Caught the General.

One of the regular army officers tells a story of how the old stringent army regulations once went against General Scott. One wet afternoon that soldier was caught in the rain in Washington. He was in full uniform and was well known, so, no cab being near, he borrowed an umbrella. Arriving at his hotel, an underofficer approached him and calmly remarked:

"General, you will consider yourself under arrest for eight days for carrying an umbrella while in full uniform."

His Solicitude.

"Is it a fact that your mother-in-law threw herself out of the third story window and you did nothing to restrain her?"

"Excuse me, I went to the first story to catch her, but she had already passed."—Diavolo-Rosa.

Riches.

It is not what we have, but what we can do without, that makes us rich. Socrates, seeing a large lot of valuables pass one day, exclaimed, "I am most happy, for there are so many things that I do not want!"

The Maroon Monster.

Friend—I suppose you run down a great many people? Motorist—Well, sometimes. I run them up.—Friend—Run them up? Motorist—Yes; last night I ran two men up a tree.—Chicago News.

A Change.

Mrs. Larkin—I want a little money today, Fred. Mr. L.—I'm very glad of that. Mrs. L. (surprised)—Why are you glad? Mr. L.—Because generally you want a good deal.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not gripe or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is good for cuts, burns, bruises and scratches. It is especially good for piles. Recommended and sold by L. K. Hogarth.

She Lost Her Shoe.

While in Samoa Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife in a great measure did as the Romans did—that is to say, as the Samoans did. It was Louis' custom to lie abed late of a morning and spend the remainder of the time under a tree on the hill clad in light pajamas, the dress of the native Kanaka. With his wife it was the same. Stays were unknown to her and a curling iron a dim recollection of a shady past. It was while Stevenson and his wife were living at Apia, in Samoa, that Mr. Heywood was appointed consul there for this country. Shortly after his arrival in the country he arranged for a reception to the English, German and American residents of the country that they might meet him in his official capacity and he them as "citizens of Samoa." Of course an invitation was sent Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife. Two days before the date of the function Mr. Heywood was surprised to receive a note from Mr. Stevenson sent by courier. The note read as follows:

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Robert Louis Stevenson accept Consul Heywood's invitation with pleasure, and beg to say to him that they will be present in the evening of the 23d if by that time Mrs. Stevenson finds her other shoe. Ever thine, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

—Ancient Fashion Jargon.

The language of the fashion plate and the woman's paper is sufficiently appalling to the mere man even in these days of emancipated and, we may presume, more grammatical womankind; but, according to an extract from a fashion journal of 1787, the jargon of those days was even more astounding. This is how the paper described the dress of a certain Mlle. D. at the opera:

"She appeared in a dress of 'stifled sighs,' ornamented with 'superfluous regrets,' the bodice cut in a 'perfect cupidon' point and trimmed with 'disdespect complaints.' Her hair was dressed in 'sustained sentiments,' with a headdress of 'sustained conquest,' ornamented with several 'flyaways' and 'downcast eye' ribbons, and her collar was begged on 'horseback' color."

No doubt all these marvelous terms conveyed some meaning to the fashionable women of the days when French society danced on the edge of the volcano of 1789, but to their descendants of today they have absolutely no meaning.

The First Hello Girl.

They were seated around a table in a well known cafe, and the conversation had turned upon the development of the flying machine and other fruits of the inventive genius of the day.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed a solemn faced lantern jawed member of the party. "What of it? The old folks were not so slow. Look at the telephone, claimed as a modern invention. Why, say, it's the oldest on record."

"You better see your doctor. What's the matter with you?" asked another.

"Oh, I mean it," said the solemn faced man. "Telephone service dates back to the garden of Eden—that's where it originated. The garden's call was 2-8-1 Apple."

Then he dodged the remnant of a sandwich, reached for his hat and was gone.—New York Globe.

The Insufferable Anticipation.

A young Scotch emigrant was brought before the magistrate of a Nova Scotia court, charged with having deserted his work on a certain farm without giving due notice to his employer. When asked what he had to say in his defense, he replied, "Weel, they ried me nout but brakeshaw to eat." Brakeshaw, it may be explained, is the flesh of animals which have died a natural death. "How was that?" asked the magistrate. "Weel, it was this way. Ye ken the auld coo deed an' we ate it, the auld steg (gander) deed an' we ate it, the auld soo (sow) deed an' we ate it, the auld bubbljock deed an' we ate it. Then the old woman deed—an' I left."—Bellman.

Hindoo Confectionery.

Like the American girls, Hindoo girls are passionately fond of sweet things. One of their candies, sada, is very much like our plain sugar candy. It is made of sugar and milk and flavored with attar of roses. Buddhikabal, or hair of Buddha, is one of their most popular sweetmeats. It is so called because it is in fine, long strings like vermicelli. This is made of sugar and cream from buffalo's milk, which is exceedingly rich.

A Queer Twist.

The late Bishop T. U. Dudley of Kentucky declared that he was indebted to a mountaineer of that state for the most ungrammatical sentence he ever heard. This is it:

"Them three Miss Blake are three of as pretty a gal as I ever see."

Beau Brummel Reprimanded.

Beau Brummel once insolently replied to an invitation to take tea by remarking that he never "took" anything but physic.

"Yes, you do," frowned his hostess; "you take liberties."

Playful Otters.

Otters are the most playful of all the animals, romping, wrestling, playing tug of war with a stick instead of a rope and sliding downhill on a slippery incline of mud which they make themselves.

Why, Indeed?

Robert Lowe once watched a deaf friend listening to a most tremendous love with his ear trumpet. "Why," Lowe wondered aloud—"why contend against natural advantages?"

Silver is of less value than gold, gold than virtue.—Horace.

Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Grange News.

FIDELITY GRANGE, SMETHPORT.

(Written by Alice H. Gallup.)

The next regular meeting of Fidelity Grange will be held Saturday evening, July 18, and the following program has been prepared by the Lecturer:

Song—Grange.
Recitation—James McGowan.
Recitation—Adna Burdick.
Select Reading—Mrs. S. H. Cleveland.
Recitation—Edna Comes.
Recitation—Lottie Abbey.
Select Reading—Mrs. Geo. Neeley.
Song—Grange.
Recitation—Lois Burdick.
Recitation—Mrs. A. G. Abbey.
Select Reading—Mrs. A. A. Abbey.
Recitation—J. Cosper.
Recitation—Alice Wright.
Recitation—Alice Gorman.
Song—Lottie Abbey and Lois Burdick.
Spelling Contest.

Why We Are All Mimics.

"If we did not cough in church, the human race would not exist." And the professor, twirling a piece of chalk in his hand, regarded the sophomores with a quizzical smile.

"What I mean," he continued, "is that the cause of coughing is the cause of our survival. That cause is mimicry. Mimicry is a better life preserver than fleetness or strength. For by mimicry we manage not to attract attention, and in prehistoric times they who attracted attention were hunted down by the tribe and roasted for dinner or hunted down by the saber tooth tiger and taken raw.

"Since those dark days mimicry has been instinctive with us. Mimicry is what causes us to follow the fashions. It causes us, when in England, to say 'cawn't' and 'hawf.' If your friend yawns, you yawn—that's mimicry. If he laughs, you laugh—mimicry again. If he sniffles, you sniffle—mimicry. And if he coughs in church straight way you get all the rest of the ten congestion cough, the reason being the same one which saved our forefathers from extermination."—New York Press.

Famous Floggers.

Among English schoolmasters whose names have come down to posterity with the dubious reputation of great floggers Dr. Busby of Westminster school is the generally acknowledged chief.

Of him it is recorded that one of his head boys having insulted a young French viscount who came to the school to demand satisfaction, he dragged the viscount first for the blood thirsty intentions and next his friend who was the bearer of his challenge.

Dr. Valpy, too, who edited an edition of the classics, was a proud whipper of the rod. Archdeacon Gleaon, who was a pupil of his tells a story in illustration of his prowess. One of the boys had been flogged by the redoubtable disciple, and the lad's father came to complain.

"Sir," said Valpy to him, "I flogged your son because he richly deserved it. If he again deserves it, I shall flog him again, and," rising, "if you come here, sir, interfering with my duty I shall flog you."

The parent fled.

A Famous Architect's Trick.

When Sir Christopher Wren was building the town hall of Windsor, a fidgety member of the corporation, so the story goes, insisted that the roof required further support and desired the architect to add more pillars. In vain did Sir Christopher assure him that the danger was imaginary. He knew better. The alarm spread, and the great architect was worried into adding the desired columns.

Years passed, and in later times when architect and patrons were dead cleaning operations in the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by two inches, though this was not perceptible to the eyes below.

By this ingenious expedient did Wren pacify his critics while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. One week position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday July 16, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Senecahouing

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HARGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

MR. BRYAN says he will not be a candidate for a second term, if elected. The "Peerless" evidently thinks it is hard enough to land one term.

"JOHN L. SULLIVAN, it is claimed, is going to take the stump in behalf of Taft, Republican candidate for the presidency this summer," says an exchange.

OYSTER BAY seems to be a Democratic town and threatens to go for Bryan. It is significant that Lancaster county, in which the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, is located, is a more than four to one Republican section. Honors are easy.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN says that the office of Vice President should be recognized and respected. He is quite right about that, observes the Bradford Era. Not only should the office be recognized, but so, too, should the Vice President. He ought to be introduced to the President and other prominent citizens and join some of the leading fraternal and social organizations so that he would be recognized by the fellows around town when they see him.

THE Prohibitionists are getting most too strict to suit most people when they refuse to allow Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of President Roosevelt, to become a guest of honor at their National convention after she had been invited by members of that organization high in authority, simply because she is alleged to have smoked a cigarette some time in the past and attended horse races at Latonia in the company of George B. Cox, the Cincinnati political boss.

WILLIAM H. TAFT will be formally notified of his nomination as the Republican candidate for the Presidency at Cincinnati on July 28, and a big celebration will be held in that city. One of the big features of the program will be the releasing of 50,000 balloons all labeled "Taft" in large letters. These balloons will be sent up from various parts of the city at 5 o'clock in the evening, just preceding the fireworks display. The balloons will have enough fuel to keep them in the air 10 or 12 hours, and many of them probably will travel a good many miles.

AN editorial in William R. Hearst's New York American, one of the leading Democratic newspapers of the country, in part says: "No reliance can be placed on the Democratic platform or on Bryan's declarations. The Democratic platform declares for one set of principles at one election and for an entirely different set at the next election, while Bryan is apparently without permanent principle or sincere conviction, or even honest attitude. A note is a promise to pay. It is valuable according to who makes it and who endorses it. A platform is a promise to perform; and a platform made by the Democratic party and endorsed by Bryan is not worth the paper it is written on. The Democratic party has become a weather cock of what its inferior leaders imagine to be the expression of public opinion. It reflects supinely the corporation instinct and servility of a Parker, and it is ready at the next moment to reflect the half baked, ill-natured opinions of some imaginary radical."

THE Democrats and the Prohibitionists held a conference in this city yesterday afternoon at which time an unsatisfactory attempt was made to get together upon a legislative ticket. The special Democratic committee insisted upon the Prohibitionists withdrawing their entire legislative ticket and supporting Messrs. Shaw and Hilton. The Prohibitionists with the full approbation of Mr. P. A. Walters of Rew City, one of the Prohi. candidates, were willing to withdraw him and substitute R. W. Hilton, but while the Prohibitionists are willing to go even further, the Democrats are willing to withdraw Mr. Shaw. From another source it is learned that Mr. Shaw feels so confident of his election that he will under no circumstances withdraw from the race. The Democrats proposed to give their individual efforts to have Candidate Seibert of Coudersport, for the Senate withdraw and spoke very highly of Elisha K. Kane for the vacancy. Toward the close of the conference Mr. Kane who had arrived on the afternoon train, appeared and asked that the matter, as regards himself, be deferred until another meeting to be held in August. It is hardly probable that Mr. Seibert will be induced to withdraw in favor of Mr. Kane.—Tuesday's Bradford Record.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and, to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pineulas for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pineulas at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial, $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Notice to Painters.

The directors of the Keating township School District give notice that bids will be received by the Secretary for the painting of any or all school houses in Keating township, on or before July 15. Paint to be used to be composed of pure linseed oil. Bids will be received with Keating township furnishing paint, also with contractors furnishing paint. Said directors of school district reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

H. D. OTTO, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., R. F. D. No. 2.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles relives pain, soothe, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C.A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Season of 1908.

My large Spanish jack "Pedro" will stand at the farm of Robert Oliver in Reed hollow the remainder of the season. JOHN CONNERS.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C.A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Do you know

that I am now prepared to furnish you with some of the finest and most modern

Photographs

ever made in this vicinity? I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.

I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the proofs it costs you nothing.

Curt Witherow
East Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned was on the 6th day of July, 1908, granted letters of administration of the estate of Patrick Bacon, deceased, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. All persons having claims or demands against said estate will make same known to me without delay, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment.

DANIEL BACON, Administrator.
DuBois, Pa., July 13th, 1908.

Stocked Dairy Farm Close to Live Village.

We offer for sale a farm of 138 acres, located one-half mile from Bolivar, N. Y. Land is smooth and lays nice. 100 acres cleared, balance in pasture and sugar bush of 800 trees. Running spring water at house and barn. Good fences, nice orchard. 10 room house with slate roof in good repair, hay barn 24x70, cow barn 30x40 with stable attached, horse barn 34x80. With the farm we offer a dairy of 15 cows, span horses, harness, wagon, mower, reaper, plow, drag, lot of small tools, new separator, sugar tools, milk wagon, and 300 bottles. Only milk route supplying Bolivar, daily delivery of over 100 quarts. On this farm there is a nice ice house, and ice pond supplied by spring water. This year's crops consist of 85 tons of hay, 20 acres of oats, 4½ acres of potatoes, 4 acres of corn and lots of fruit included, also $100 stock in Bolivar creamery. This farm is one-half mile from Bolivar high school, trolly line, creamery and cheese factory. We offer this farm with all property named above included, for only $6,000. Terms $2,000 cash, mortgage for balance. The house on this farm is plumbed for natural gas, which is supplied for $30 a year. This is a splendid producing land and at the price and terms is a great bargan.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

Sayles
MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
BEE'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP.

25 per cent. on your Money

Big Interest, isn't it?

Well, its exactly what you can make here by investing in Clothing, Hats or Furnishings during

OUR GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

This is the time of the year for Cut Prices. When we cut we cut deep. Commencing Saturday, July 18, and continuing for just exactly 14 days, no longer, we shall offer a uniform discount of

ONE-FOURTH OFF

on any article in our Store. Remember everything goes, nothing is reserved. It is only a very wealthy man, a man who has all the money he wants and don't care to save any more who can afford to ignore this Sale.

Remember the DATE and come here expecting to get an honest discount of 25 per cent. and you will not be disappointed.

H. W. RUBIN,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER AND TAILOR.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

Five Day Excursion to
NIAGARA FALLS
Saturday, July 25th,
VIA
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway.
Round Trip fare from Newton $3

Tickets will be good returning from Niagara Falls or Buffalo on or before Wednesday, July 29th.

Train leaves Newton - - 3:12 p. m.

ANDORFER & LYLE
Groceries.

Headquarters for FRUITS & GREEN GOODS in Season.

Just Received shipment of NEW CELERY.

Our Prices are Right
Consistent with Quality of Goods

ANDORFER & LYLE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for
We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$208,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST
JAMES A. McKEAN
C. D. COMES
CHARLES McKEAN
H. H. REDFIELD

Notice of Application for Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given, that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on Monday, the 27th day of July, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as counsel may be heard, under and in pursuance of the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations." Approved the 29th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the several supplements thereto, by Ada M. Young, Jane N. Forsyth, Katherine De McGrain, Hunn G. Walker, Addie C. Specht, and others, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called the "Travellers' Club of Smethport, Pennsylvania," the character and object of which are, The maintenance of a club for social enjoyment, educational and literary purposes, and to that end to provide, furnish, equip and maintain a suitable building or clubhouse for the use, comfort and convenience of its members, and if practicable to establish and maintain a public library therein; and to provide the necessary funds for such purposes; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto.

SHERIDAN GORTON, Solicitor.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE
FOUNDED IN 1815

A high grade college with good traditions. Ideal location. Expenses reasonable. *Fine new commons and club house for young men.* Well equipped gymnasiums. Preparatory School connected with college. Fall term opens Sept. 15th. Write to

REGISTRAR BRIGGS, MEADVILLE, PA.

Semi-Annual Clearance
—OF—
The Lindholm Co.

From Saturday, June 27th,
To Saturday, July 18th:

Three weeks of money saving days for wise buyers. Don't forget the dates; you know the place.

Rock Bottom Prices. The chance of this season to buy dry goods regardless of cost.

List of some of our offerings will be left at your door. Look it over--then come.

The Lindholm Company.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
SPEAKS TODAY AT OUR STORE

Bryan has just made Records of his ten best speeches for the

GENUINE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

sold by us. The Records consist of telling passages selected from his favorite orations on such subjects as The Trust Question, Imperialism, Immortality, The Labor Question, An Ideal Republic, etc.

These Records were made by Mr. Bryan himself. Everyone who has heard him speak will recognize all of that wonderful charm of voice and manner that has made him famous as an orator.

Come to our store and hear the real voice and spoken words of the Great Commoner, repeated true to life on Thomas A. Edison's Phonograph. Free exhibitions of the Bryan records every day this week.

A genuine Edison Phonograph complete with the new big horn for $12.50 or $25. Sold for only $1 a week. Edison Records that wear forever are only 35 cents each.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 16, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—N. D. Ramer is having his house on Cemetery street re-painted.

—Don't forget the ball game (?) at Kane Field to-morrow afternoon.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer entertained the Bridge Whist club last Thursday afternoon.

—Adolph Engstrom has moved into the house he recently purchased on Bank street.

—The Bridge Whist club was entertained by Mrs. H. H. Redfield at her home yesterday afternoon.

—Mrs. Guy H. McCoy entertained a small party of ladies at her home on Union street last evening.

—The hardware store of Berry & Duke and the office of Dr. Stover at Duke Centre were burglarized Tuesday night.

—A dance will be given at the Red Men's hall, Crosby, to-morrow evening, July 17. Acker's orchestra will furnish the music.

—The members of the Eastern Star are holding their annual picnic at Riverhurst to-day and a large crowd is in attendance.

—James A. McKean of Smethport was in the city yesterday. He is apparently not worrying over the political situation and is still in the heavyweight class, says Wednesday's Bradford Era.

—Main street is the scene of considerable activity this week, although ground has not as yet been broken for the new pavement. Several car loads of brick have been piled up along the street and teams and men are busy getting material on the ground.

—A three times divorced woman is to marry a twice divorced man in Newport, and all of the ex-wives, ex-husbands and collateral relatives, are to be present. After all, it would seem as if Robert Herrick's latest novel, "Together," was not wholly fiction.

—Scott F. Redfield has purchased of Mrs. Thos. F. Richmond the beautiful residence at the corner of Main and Washington streets. Mr. Redfield and family, who have resided in New York for the past year and a half, will make their home in Smethport in the future.

—A sneak thief by the name of Winters entered the house of John McCollough of Emporium Friday night and secured $82 in cash and several gold [illegible] Saturday morning and at court Monday pleaded guilty and was sentenced to three years in the western penitentiary.

—John Thamm, the 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Thamm of Pleasant street, was attacked by a dog late Saturday, which sprang upon him and sank its teeth in the lad's left shoulder blade. The bite was promptly cauterized and no evil results are anticipated.—Bradford Record.

—Lawyer W. J. Milliken of East Main street slipped on the walk in front of his home yesterday and striking his head against a pole was rendered unconscious for some time. His condition this morning is not thought to be serious.—Bradford Star. Mr. Milliken's host of Smethport friends will unite in a hope for his speedy recovery.

—John Clemens, a clerk employed in the Marine National bank at Erie, escaped from the Hamot hospital in that city last Friday morning, went to his desk in the bank and blew his brains out with a revolver. A few weeks ago he ran down a little girl with an automobile and worry over this is believed to have caused a temporary loss of reason.

—Among the free scholarships given by the Ithaca, N. Y., Conservatory of Music, 10 have been awarded to Pennsylvania students. Lucy Lerch, Hazelhurst, for the voice; Ruth Mentzer of Port Allegany, elocution; and Edith Olmsted of Coudersport are three of the successful ones. Two scholarships are now open to competition for Pennsylvania students.

—Without exception the lowest and most cowardly of earth's creatures is the anonymous letter writer and Smethport is cursed with several of these despicable atoms of humanity of both sexes. A person addressing another by letter and failing to sign the same proclaims himself or herself a malicious and cowardly sneak and any information so transmitted may invariably be set down as false.

—An oil well in Mexico, estimated to be flowing 50,000 barrels per day and owned by a company in which Hon L. Emery, J., of Bradford is a stockholder, is on fire, and thus far no means have been devised to extinguish the flames. Many queer stories are being told about this fire by reporters who know little about oil producing and oil fires, one of which is that the flames are estimated to be 1,500 feet in the air.

—Three people were killed in a severe electrical storm in Clarion last Sunday. The dead are Mrs. Harvey Montgomery of Lawrenham, aged 45 years, who was struck and instantly killed while in a small outbuilding near her home. She leaves a husband and large family of children; James Queen, aged 16 years, and a young man named Lindsey, aged 21 years, both of East Brady, were killed while in bathing. It is not known whether the lightning killed them outright or were merely stunned by it and drowned. Their bodies were found in 20 inches of water. Lindsey was a druggist and both were popular young men.

—David Paugh and Eugene McCarthy were arrested Saturday on a charge of larceny as bailee. It seems that they rented a horse and buggy of A. T. Palmer of Smethport to go to Turtle Point with the understanding that they were to return it at four o'clock. Instead of doing so they came to Port Allegany. Later in the day they were arrested and at the hearing were held on bail of $100 each to appear for a hearing on Saturday, July 18.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Last Thursday evening, after the grocery stores were closed, Miss Esther Engstrom, aged 14 years, was sent back to her father's store to get a package she had forgotten. She entered the store and was closely followed by a seedy looking individual who, seeing the girl was alone, demanded a can of pork and beans. The child was so frightened that she gave him the goods and did not tell anyone of her experience until she reached home, when it was too late to locate the cheap highwayman.

—Hazelhurst and Smethport "crossed bats" at Kane field last Thursday afternoon, the locals winning by a score of 11 to 10. Although the score was close the game was devoid of interest. The visitors led at the end of the fifth inning 10 to 3, but the locals held them safe thereafter and tied it up by scoring two in the sixth and five in the seventh. In the ninth they made the one necessary to win on a double, a steal and an error. The batteries were: Smethport, Perry and Young; Hazelhurst, Denning and Block.

—In compliance with the rules of the Board of Health, the dairies of Obert & Son and Jud Hackett, supplying milk to Smethport, were inspected on Saturday by Dr. Dick of Kane. Dr. Dick's report to the Board of Health was that the two dairies were the best he had inspected. The inspection was based on requirements issued by the State Board of Health at Harrisburg, under five heads, with a maximum of 20 points for perfect score in each division. Obert & Son had an average of 17 7-18 and Jud Hackett 16.

—Harold Backus met with a painful though not serious accident yesterday afternoon while working on J. C. Backus' automobiles. He was in front of the car when the gears were accidentally thrown into mesh with the engines running at full speed. The car jumped forward, knocking Harold down and his right hand struck against the rapidly moving fan, splitting the index finger and cutting an ugly gash in the back of his hand. J. C. Backus was in the car and stopped it as soon as possible or there would have been a wild auto at large on our streets, but he did not stop it until after it had run over the hood of the car, badly demolishing it. Harold sought medical attendance and four stitches were necessary to close up the wounds.

Personal Mention.

R. W. Hilton was a Bradford visitor Sunday.

Fred Anderson returned Monday from Celeron, N. Y.

Paul Doville left for his home in Eldred, Monday.

Ellsworth Andrews left for Shinglehouse Monday.

Luther Brook is in Pittsburg this week on business.

T. F. Hungiville had business in Bradford Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gleason were Kane visitors over Sunday.

Hon. James A. McKean was in Bradford the first of the week.

Misses Anna and Agnes Barry of Coleville were in town Sunday.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer left yesterday for Tidioute for a visit with friends.

A. D. Heath passed Sunday at the home of his father, E. E. Heath.

Miss Theda Buck of Bramwell, W. Va., is the guest of Mrs. W. L. Hammar.

Harry Rubin left on Monday for Rochester and New York on a purchasing trip.

Mrs. Bissell of Kane was the guest of Miss Sylvia Lawrence the first of this week.

Mis Margaret Healy of Mt. Alton passed a few days with friends in town this week.

Mrs. L. K. Hogarth was the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. F. Schwab of Bradford this week.

R. W. Hilton and Guy B. Mayo were in Bradford Tuesday night to hear Senator Dolliver lecture.

O. J. Hamlin, B. F. Starsky and W. H. Gallup were in Buffalo the fore part of this week on business.

Miss Viola Badger returned Friday from a week's visit with relatives and friends at Port Allegany.

Mrs. Elida Theetge and her grandson, Earnest Theetge are visiting with relatives and friends in town.

Misses Roxie King and Clara Bortz of Pinegrove, Pa., are spending a week at Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mrs. W. T. Seger and son, Arthur, of New York are visiting Mrs. Seger's mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman of Syracuse are the guests of Mrs. Newman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Miss Margaret Hungiville has returned from Olean where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Calu.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mattison and William Provin, Jr. of Olean were in town Sunday.

Miss Hazel and Master Milton Green returned from Kane Friday where they had been the guest of friends for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield and infant son, Scott, of New York arrived in town Saturday and will remain here the rest of the summer.

Misses Rita Gorton and Edna Comes returned home Monday from Port Allegany where they have been the guests of friends for some time.

A. M. Marsh of Bradford township, Republican candidate for County Commissioner, was a business visitor in town the fore part of this week.

Mrs. Howard Merrill of New York and Miss Eulalia King returned Saturday from Kane where they have been the guests of L. Rogers and family.

Mrs. F. B. Granteer of Newerf was called away rather unexpectedly Tuesday to Baltimore, Md., on account of the death of her sister, Mrs. John Kruger.

Profits of Home Trade.

A Cincinnati concern takes up most of a handsome advertisement in the Times-Star of July 2 with this story:

"Six years ago, in Weber county, Utah, a farmer put his initials on a dollar bill. Next day he came to Ogden and spent it with a merchant. Before six months had passed he got the same dollar back. Four times in three years the bill came back to him for produce, and three times he heard of it in the pockets of his neighbors. The last time he saw the bill was three years ago. He sent it to a Mail-Order house. He will never see that bill again. The dollar bill will never pay any more school or county taxes for him, will never build or brighten any more homes in the community. He sent it entirely out of the usefulness to himself and his neighbors when he sent it to the Mail-Order house."

Morals: Trade at your home store, where your dollar buys most anything, and where you may get it back again and "boost the town."

Automobiles for Sale.

I have a four-cylinder Ford touring car, which will be demonstrated in Smethport to prospective buyers. Also several other second-hand cars in Buffalo.

J. COOPER HUFFMAN,
g6tf Smethport, Pa.

Fifty Positions This Year.

Fifty positions were filled by students from Westbrook Academy this year. To qualify at this school means success.

For Sale.

Two horses, cheap, and one sulky plow. Inquire of
O. D. Nourse, East Smethport.

Subscribe for the Miner.

PICKLES

This week we offer Sweet, Sour and Mixed Pickles, at inducing prices.

All kinds of Fruit and Green Goods.

Fine Graulated Salt
$1.25 a barrel.

Diamond F. Salt
$1.50 a barrel.

Oscar Engstrom.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

100
CHILDREN'S WASH SUITS
at
LESS THAN COST PRICE.

$1.00, 1.50 & 1.75 Suit for $1.00
$2.00, 2.50 & 3.00 Suit for $1.50

They are beautiful little Suits to sell at so small a price, but we rather lose a little and sell now than carry them over to next season. Also

1-2 PRICE SALE

on all

Men's Summer Pants.

—WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

July Clearance Sale

Prices reduced 1-4 to 1-2

All surplus stocks and odds and ends of Summer goods must march out to the tune of low prices.

We've arranged so worthy a lot of bargains for this week that it will richly repay you to make an early visit to this store Friday morning.

The reductions range all the way from a quarter to a half off the regular prices.

COME! You'll find it profitable.

Muslin Underwear	Petticoats	Knit Underwear
Tailored Skirts	Hosiery	Embroideries
Neckwear	Laces	Belts
Men's Underwear	Men's Shirts	Men's Hosiery
Parasols	Wash Goods	

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

I have everything in the Grocery Line that you need, and my prices are right. Give me a trial and be convinced.

I have just received a supply of nice Olives. We also handle Olives in the bulk, which are just the the thing to take when you go for an outing.

Now is the time that moths are working on your winter clothes. If you find this so try Hygeno. It is also good to keep away ants, and the best thing in market to keep flies off cattle. In fact, Hygeno can't be beat for a disiufectant and to keep away vermin.

G. W. BRENNAN,
THE CASH GROCER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

$10.60 from Smethport
—TO—
Atlantic City,
CAPE MAY,
WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY,
NEW JERSEY.

JULY 17, 31, AUGUST 14, 26, 1908

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 4:03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

Changing Places With Jimmie.

By W. F. BRYAN.

Copyright, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

Jack Morewood stood upon the piazza tapping the floor with the tip of her daintily booted foot and slapping at her habit skirt with a silver mounted crop.

It was a perfect day for a ride. The sun kissed the peaks of the low chain of hills to the west, and in between was the bright green of early summer. Nature was in her kindliest mood, but Jacqueline did not share it.

The groom was slow about bringing her mount around, and while she waited a dozen couples had cantered past, waving their hands gayly to Jack. But no cavalier waited to assist her, and no smart cob whinnied impatiently over the delay in the appearance of her own horse.

Presently the groom would lead her horse to the block, he would assist her in the saddle with the perfunctory care of a hireling, and she would go cantering off alone to her ride.

It was this fact and not the slowness of the stable hands that brought the frown to Jacqueline's face. For the first time in her life she was tired of being the boy of the family.

When stalwart John Morewood had leaned over the cradle to look down into the blinking eyes of his firstborn the baby had seized the proffered finger in sturdy clasp and her father had chuckled with delight.

"She's shaking hands like the little gentleman she is," he declared. Then and there he had named her Jacqueline that he might call her Jack. He seemed to find comfort for his disappointment in her sex by making his little daughter as boyish as possible.

In her youth, thanks to his training, she had been given over to tomboy tricks. When she was thirteen and a baby brother came to share her reign she regarded the newcomer's appearance with contempt.

"I'm the best boy," she declared with emphasis, and she took pride in her father's assurance that she was indeed. Jimmie became his mother's pet, while Jack still chummed with her father, and as the boy grew up delicate and pallid Jack seemed to gain soundness by contrast.

She was the golf champion of the country club, not in the ladies' class, but by virtue of having beaten all the men. She could ride wherever a man went, could shoot straight and handle a cue. She was voted a "good fellow," but now, on the eve of her twenty-second birthday, Jack turned from things.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of the groom with her horse, and presently she was cantering down the drive to the highway. Once on the road she eased the horse into a trot. The cliff road was accounted one of the most beautiful in the state, but Jack gave no heed to the beauty of the scene.

Phil Minturn had cantered past with Bess Farley just before she had started out, and his careless greeting had wounded her.

She had been good chums with Phil ever since she was a little girl, and he had always given her the same careless greeting of fellowship, but this morning it had jarred. She knew that he did not really care for Bess.

He had said so more than once, but Mrs. Farley would not let Bess ride unless there was some one with her who could keep a watchful eye on her mount, so Phil, being a neighbor, had come to the girl's relief.

As with Phil, so it was with the other men. They were all good chums, but they were only chums. Jack could not recall a tender speech ever made to her, and, carrying her introspection further, she did not blame the boys for regarding her as one of themselves. Even in the evening her thick dark hair was severely done and her dress was in keeping.

It came upon her with all the suddenness of a revelation that she had missed the pretty speeches which she had pretended to despise and that her heart clamored for the rights of young womanhood.

With lips that pressed hard together she turned her horse's head toward home. She scarcely recognized the people she passed, and it was not until she had almost reached the house that her attention was attracted. She heard her brother's voice raised in appeal, and through sheer force of habit she prepared to come to his rescue.

The boy never had been permitted to fight his own battles, and in younger days Jack had sometimes come to his assistance with her own sturdy fists. Now she reined in her horse and drew near the hedge which separated her from the little boys.

There were a dozen of them, sturdy, tanned youngsters with dirt on clothes and countenances, and in their midst stood Jimmy, immaculate in blue velvet, with long golden curls.

"It's not my fault," he said in aggrieved tones. "I'm not old enough to buy my own clothes yet. You fellows might let me play with you."

"G'wan!" was the unfeeling response. "We don't play with girls."

"I'm not a girl," asserted Jimmie. "I tell you it's not my fault."

"Boys don't wear velvet dresses," reminded his tormentor. "Come on, fellers. Lady Jane's going to cry."

With a burst of derisive laughter the boys ran off. For a moment Jimmie made as though to follow them, but he knew as well as the others that pursuit was impossible.

Jimmie had never had a chance to toughen his legs in exercise. With quivering lip the boy turned toward the house, and Jack urged her horse closer to the hedge.

"Jimmie," she called warningly, "if you dare to cry I shall spank you. Go get your pony and come back to me."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Jimmie.

"Never mind," she said. "You do what I tell you. Do you want really and truly to be a boy?"

"Do I?" repeated Jimmie, smiling at the folly of the question. "I ain't either a boy or a girl."

"Neither am I," said Jack. "Hurry up, dear."

She waited beside the road until her brother joined her on his pony, and together they headed for the town. It was long after luncheon hour before the two returned, and Mrs. Morewood was pacing the veranda in an agony of apprehension.

She had no fears for Jack, but she lamented that at times Jimmie's pony had shown signs of wildness, and the two grooms were already scouring the country, while the mother was promising herself that the boy should be attended on future rides.

Mr. Morewood said nothing, but there was a white line about his lips where they were pressed firmly together to hold back the words of apprehension.

He was afraid for Jacqueline, and when the children were seen turning into the drive, followed by a groom on whose usually impassive face there appeared a broad grin, Morewood gave a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Morewood shrieked with horror when they came closer and she was able to see that Jimmie's hair had been cropped close to his head, while the velvet suit had been replaced by a stout corduroy. But as they slipped to the ground Jack took the boy's hand and led him to his father.

"Dad," she said simply, "here is your son. I am your daughter. It has been all wrong until now. I've never had a sweetheart, and Jimmie's never had a fight. We've come to the conclusion that we have both been cheated out of what belongs to us, and we're changed places."

She stopped to kiss her father's bearded face and whispered, "And your daughter loves you more than ever, dad." Morewood clasped her to his heart, for he understood the transformation, even while his wife bewailed her darling's lost curls.

That evening at the Country club Jacqueline was the sensation of the dance as she entered with her hair loosely waved instead of tightly knotted. In her dress, too, there was a subtle suggestion of femininity which caused the men to gasp and tell themselves that they had never before realized what a stunning girl Jacqueline Morewood was.

"You are radiant tonight," murmured Minturn as he held out his hand for her dance programme.

"I'm tired of being father's boy," she explained. "I've changed places with Jimmie," and as Minturn calmly appropriated three waltzes and rewrote the programme she read in his eyes approval of the change.

Fever and Wet Clothes.

General Baden-Powell in his book, "Scouting For Boys," writes of the dangers that come from wet garments and of the best way to dry one's clothes: "You will often get wet through on service, and you will see recruits remaining in their wet clothes until they get dry again. No old scout would do so, as that is the way to catch fever and get ill. When you are wet take the first opportunity of getting your wet clothes off and drying them, even though you may not have other clothes to put on, as happened to me many a time.

"I have sat naked under a wagon while my one suit of clothes was drying over a fire. The way to dry clothes over a fire is to make one of hot ashes and then build a small beehive shaped cage of sticks over the fire and hang your clothes over the cage, and they will very quickly dry; also in hot weather it is dangerous to sit in your clothes when they have got wet from perspiration.

"On the west coast of Africa I always carried a spare shirt hanging down my back, with the sleeves tied around my neck. So soon as I halted I would take off the wet shirt I was wearing and put on the dry, which had been hanging out in the sun on my back. By this means I never got fever when almost every one else went down with it."

Sacred Birds of the Aztecs.

Imagine a bird the size of a pigeon, its back, head, wings and breast dazzling metallic green with golden sheen, its entire lower parts vivid scarlet, a soft, recurved crest curling over the bill and feray, curved plumes, lapping over the wings, while two or three slender green feathers a yard or more in length extend over and beyond the glossy black and white tail. Such is the Quetzal, or resplendent Trogon, sacred bird of the Montezumas, national emblem of Guntemala and the handsomest and most striking of all the gorgeous Trogon family. Although found in nearly every republic of Central America, this superb creature is confined entirely to the heavy oak forests of the higher mountains. In these localities his shrill scream may be heard at any time, yet it is a difficult matter to even catch a glimpse of his brilliant form as he flits from tree to tree, and far more difficult is the task of securing specimens. Apparently fully aware of their beauty and value, these royal birds are exceedingly shy and suspicious, keeping entirely to the topmost branches of the tallest trees, frequently far out of shotgun range. This statement is no exaggeration, for the trees often attain a height of 300 feet.—Outing Magazine.

Boss Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, horseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Cologrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

A TALE OF PORTO RICO

Curious Story of the Haunted Sentry Box.

LIGHT ON THE OLD LEGEND.

One of the Many Mysterious Disappearances From Fort San Cristobal Accounted For by the Revelation of the Lost One Himself.

Writing in the Journal of the Military Service Institution, Captain A. Hyde P. S. Hyde of the coast artillery tells this curious story of "the haunted sentry box" of Fort San Cristobal, the ancient Spanish built fortress which guards the entrance to San Juan, Porto Rico:

"A number of picturesque sentry boxes built of masonry and appearing like minarets are placed at points of vantage in and around the fort. One of these on the sea front and reached only through a long and dark tunnel from the interior of the fort, is popularly known as La Garita del Diablo, or the devil's sentry box, usually, although incorrectly, translated the haunted sentry box. This name was given to it by the Spanish soldiers for the reason that a number of sentries stationed there disappeared in a most mysterious manner and were never again heard from.

"An American officer was once on duty that took him into the remote interior of the island, and while spending one night in a small settlement he engaged in conversation with a number of the inhabitants of the place. One old man, on learning that the officer was stationed at Fort San Cristobal, became especially interested and in the course of the conversation told the following story:

"'I used to be a soldier in the Spanish army and was stationed at Fort San Cristobal. A number of soldiers while on sentry duty had mysteriously disappeared from the sentry box down by the sea, and we had all become convinced that it was haunted by the devil, who we thought, used to come and steal the soldiers away.

"'One stormy night it fell to my lot to go on duty in the devil's sentry box, as we called it, at midnight, and it was with some doubts and misgivings that I went with the corporal of the guard and relieved the former sentry. When they left me I listened to the sound of their footfalls reverberating from the walls and ceiling of the dark and narrow passage, ever growing fainter and fainter as they receded, until finally the noise of the storm and the sea completely drowned it, and I was left alone with the dark elements.

"'It was a mad night and one well calculated to add to the feeling of awe that the devil's sentry box always instilled into the man on duty there at night.

"'Presently my attention was attracted by some lights in a small tavern on the shore below the fort where many of us were wont to go when off duty for a glass of rum. Then I began to think that I might be able to climb down over the rocks to the shore, get a glass of rum at the tavern and return to my post.

"'The more I thought of it the more determined I was to go, so finally, leaving my rifle and belt in the sentry box, I climbed over the wall and down on to the rocks and so made my way with great labor and difficulty and no little danger to the little house, where the occupants were making merry with dancing and drinking. I soon fell to and enjoyed myself with them.

"'When one is dancing with a fair senorita he sometimes forgets the passage of time, as I did on that fatal night, and not until long after 1 o'clock do I begin to think of returning to my post. Then, realizing that the corporal had made his inspection and had found me gone from my post and with my rifle and belt left behind, I saw only a court martial and the garrote staring me in the face, for in those days for a sentinel in the Spanish army to quit his post meant sure death, even in peace.

"'To go back was out of the question. There was only one thing left for me to do, and that was to desert. My heart sank within me. If I should be captured, the same fate would be meted out to me, but, I reasoned, if I were to go back the fate would be a certainty, whereas if I deserted at least I had a chance of keeping out of sight of the authorities. I deserted and before morning was out of the city and on the way to the mountains.

"'I have lived in this little hamlet for years and have never been back to the capital since that day, nor have I ever told my story to a single soul until tonight, but now that the Spaniards are gone I no longer fear for my life.'

"Thus we have the story of the devil's sentry box from one of the very men who so mysteriously disappeared from it, and it would seem to be probable that the other disappearances could be accounted for in a similar manner were the truth known. Quien sabe?"

Captain Hyde mentions an interesting fact that, although for centuries Porto Rico was considered the legitimate prey of freebooters and was attacked at various times by regularly organized expeditions of the English and the Dutch during times of war, with more or less success, Fort El Morro has never been captured by an enemy, and its only surrender was to the Americans, together with the surrender of the whole island.

Gravity is only the bark of wisdom, but it preserves it.—Confucius.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A HUMAN MACHINE.

He Was Able to Correct a Language He Did Not Understand.

When Max Muller was preparing his edition of the Rigveda he had, so the story goes, an illustration of the instinctive wisdom of the compositor. In providing the manuscript for about 6,000 sheets of print the author naturally tripped from time to time. Whenever he did trip, there on his proof was the error queried in a careful hand. Surely, he thought, some unknown scholar in the university must be overlooking his proofs with kindly interest and making the corrections for him. Inquiry showed that this was not the fact. The corrections were the corrections of the man who set up the type. "Did this man, then, know Sanskrit?" Muller asked. Not a bit of it. Use and wont enabled him to detect the errors as a hungry child scents a cooking dinner. The discovery originated through his arm rather than from any intellectual doubt, and that arm was paralsed.

This printer had sustained an accident leaving him with an arm partly paralyzed, and as this made him slower with his setting his masters turned him on to Sanskrit, with which he had had no previous acquaintance. He had to learn upward of 300 types for the work, but he learned them and accustomed himself to the work. Now, many of the letters in Sanskrit cannot follow each other or, if they do, must be modified. In writing Muller sometimes forgot these modifications, but they were all marked on the proof. Muller was so interested that he sought out the printer to ask him how he was able to correct a language which he did not understand. The explanation was remarkable: "You see, sir, my arm gets into a regular swing from one compartment of types to another, and there are movements that never vary. So if I suddenly have to take up types which obtain a new movement I feel it and put a query." What a do's life the "pi sputing" or Athenus, Ward's, which is the same thing, would have caused that marvelous human machine!—St. James' Gazette.

THE BIRD CLOWN.

A Queer Kind of Fellow Is the Yellow Breasted Chat.

The oddities of the yellow breasted chat begin even with his classification. To think of a warbler the size of a Baltimore oriole, a warbler with a song like a mocking bird! Indeed, there is little about the chat that is not remarkable. He goes in for the weird and the spectacular. If Nature designed him to show what she could do in the way of the unusual and the eccentric, she had remarkable success.

This bird and not the catbird is the real "clown of the woods." Clown of the thicket would be more apt, for, like the catbird, he prefers the shrubs and lower trees. A wild tangle of briers and vines is a favorite haunt. It is only the better to survey such a retreat that he mounts to the top of a tree. From his lofty perch he sings, to the amazement and bewilderment of the person that hears the song for the first time. More likely than not he will become invisible and silent upon the first attempt to approach him, remaining quiet and hidden till you move on again; then he chuckles loudly and scolds and spits and scoffs till you are out of sight and hearing.

No bird is so fearful of being seen or such a master of hide and seek. It is worse than useless to try to steal a march on him. He manages to be always on the wrong side of the next bush. If you should find his nest, which is a pretty little basket of straw and weed stalks lined with fine grasses and strips of soft bark or leaves placed a foot or more above the ground among tall weeds or bushes, the sitting bird steals away and is at once lost to sight. Take a peep at the white, red speckled eggs and then hide among the bushes as far away from the nest as you can while still keeping it in sight. You may have to wait for an hour and even make other trips to the spot, but this is the surest way to get a good look at this shy one.—St. Nicholas.

Triumph of Mind.

Victim of Delusion—Doctor, I'm awfully afraid I'm going to have brain fever. Doctor—Pooh, pooh, my dear friend! That is all an illusion of the senses. There is no such thing as fever. You have ab fever; you have no br—h'm—no material substance upon which such a wholly imaginary and supposititious thing as a fever could find any base of operation. Victim—Oh, doctor, what a load you have taken from my—from my—I have a mind, haven't I, doctor?—Chicago Tribune.

Pulling That Hair.

"What makes me really mad," said the woman, "is to spend minutes, maybe hours, trying to get hold of a white hair which shows up on my head like a dazzling light, yet which is tantalizingly elusive when I try to catch it, and then when I do finally separate it from the brown hair and give it a vigorous pull to find that I have snatched out a good brown hair, after all, and left the white one still shining."—New York Press.

A New One For Him.

"The climate here is salubrious, isn't it?" remarked the tourist.

"Say, friend," replied the native, "just write that there word down for me, will yer? I git tired o' swearin' at this climate in the same old way. That's a new one."—Philadelphia Press.

It is not the strength but the duration of great sentiments that makes great men.—Friedrich Nietzsche.

THE SUN A PUZZLE.

We See Only the Outer Shells of the Great Blazing Orb.

The great ball of fire which we call the sun is not really the sun. No one has ever seen the sun. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing except that it must be almost infinitely better than the densest furnace and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass.

That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shells is about 5,000 miles thick and is called the chromosphere. It is a gaseous fluid, tinted with the scarlet glare of hydrogen, and so furiously active that it spurts up great tongues of glowing gas (prominences) to the height of thousands of miles.

Time was when this agitated sea of crimson fire could be seen to advantage only during an eclipse. Now special instruments are used which enable astronomers to study it in the full glare of the sun.

Beyond the chromosphere, far beyond the prominences even, lies the feebler pallid corona visible only during the vanishing moments of a total eclipse aggregating not more than seven days in a century.

No one has ever satisfactorily explained how the highly attenuated matter composing both the prominences and the corona is supported without falling back into the sun under the pull of solar gravitation. Now that Arrhenius has cosmically applied the effects of light pressure a solution is presented.

How difficult it is to account for such delicate streamers as the prominences of the sun is better comprehended when we fully understand how relentlessly powerful is the grip of solar gravitation.

If the sun were a habitable globe and you could transport yourself to its surface, you would find yourself pulled down so forcibly by gravitation that you would weigh two tons, assuming that you are an ordinary human being.

Your clothing alone would weigh more than a hundred pounds. Baseball could be played in a solar drawing room, for there would be some difficulty in throwing a ball more than thirty feet.

Tennis would be degraded to a form of outdoor ping pong.

From these considerations it is plain that gravitation on the sun would tend to prevent the formation of any tumbent streamers and to pull down to its surface masses of any size.—Harper's Magazine.

BARNUM'S OLD LION.

How the Great Showman Turned His Death to Account.

Among the features of the parades of the Barnum circus there was for many one that never failed to attract attention. On the top of one of the wild beast cages lay an enormous lion. He was not confined in any way, and nervous people watching the parade would shudder at the sight and contemplate the terrible possibility of the lion springing into the midst of the crowd.

But the venerable old king of beasts had reached the leonine dotage, and stiffened muscles and blunted claws rendered him harmless. He was as mild as a kitten and in the winter quarters, where he was allowed to roam at will, sometimes had to be protected from the onslaughts of irreverent and mischievous puppies.

One night he wandered from the quarters. In the course of his travels he chanced on a barn where a meek eyed cow was placidly chewing her cud. A faint flicker of the slumbering jungle spirit stirred his pulse, and, with a crashing blow of the huge fore paw, the cow was slain; then, lying down beside his victim, he went to sleep and dreamed of the time when he was a shaggy little whelp playing with his brothers under the bright sun of his faroff African home.

In the morning the owner of the cow, a stalwart female with the blood of Irish kings in her veins, entered the barn with milk pail in hand. She was filled with wrath at the sight that met her gaze. With a keen edged ax in her hand and grim determination in her eye she fearlessly approached the sleeping lion, and when the men sent out to search for him arrived he lay cold in death. Barnum promptly paid for the dead cow and engaged to appear on exhibition "the woman who in mortal combat had slain a lion."

The Oldest Treaty.

The oldest text of a real treaty now in existence is that of the convention between Rameses II., king of Egypt, and the Prince of Kheta, which embraces the articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance, with clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, criminals and skilled workmen. This treaty was drawn up in the fourteenth century B. C. and is the earliest record that we have of any international transaction.

Her Uncooked Gown.

Miss Fluffigirl—Miss Newthought has gone the limit with her vegetarianism! Miss Purbelow—Why, what is her latest? Miss Fluffigirl—She actually refuses to wear anything but raw silk gowns now.—New York Press.

Time to Be Diplomatic.

When a woman shows you the picture of her baby remember that you will get into trouble, nine times out of ten, if you say exactly what you think.—Somerville Journal.

His Idea of Him.

Bill—Did you go to see that boy actor last night? Jill—Yes. "Did he get a hand?" "What he ought to have got was a shingle."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting each month, 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 337, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. F. WRIGHT, Com.
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W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
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W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Friday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. parlors.

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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch No. 14, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.

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JENNIE LAUGHEAD, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

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Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elisabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Durgan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Sally, T.C.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Sarah Henrietta Westervelt was the name entered in the register of the ivy clad church, and in her baby days she was called Sally. But from the day her Cupid's arch of a mouth learned to frame intelligent sentences Jack Hardy had dubbed her the "town crier."

The nickname was so apt that it stuck, being reduced for simplicity's sake to T. C. Even during those stern minutes in the library with her father he often dropped the sober Sarah for the more universal T. C.

T. C.'s nickname was due to her genius for the dissemination of bits of gossip best forgotten. Her mind seemed naturally to empty itself of all information, and young Hardy altered an old saw into "What goes in T. C.'s ear comes out of her mouth."

As T. C. grew in understanding the habit got her more truly in its grip. Instead of learning to appreciate the value of reticence, her wider scope of knowledge served only the better to equip her for the gathering of sundry bits of gossip which she would blurt out at the most inopportune occasions until not only her family, but her friends, came to regard her with an affection that was not unmixed with terror.

T. C., being a sensitive little soul, grieved in secret and made earnest vows that she would tattle no more.

SHE GATHERED HER TROUBLESOME LITTLE SISTER TO HIS BREAST.

She meant to mend her ways, but at the first opportunity her store of knowledge would roll out unchecked and unrealized.

It was to Jack Hardy that she always went for sympathy and advice when those revelations and their consequences hung heavy over her head. Though Jack had given her the odious nickname, he made partial atonement by never employing it.

To him she was "Peterkin," and, though frequently he was a sufferer from her disclosures, he was ever ready with advice, sympathy or candy, as the occasion seemed to demand, for he alone apparently realized that her fault was temperamental and not the result of malicelousness.

T. C. fairly worshiped Hardy, yet all the little intimate details of his courtship of her sister Nell leaked out along with the rest of her chatter, and there were times when Hardy's forbearance was put to a hard test. It was characteristic of the man that even the personal experience did not abate his sympathy for T. C., not even when he proposed to Nell and was given a negative answer.

When Nell made hysterical reference to another girl he felt that he had T. C. to thank for this, yet his office still was her haven of refuge, and she stoutly denied that she had said anything about some other woman.

Hardy's questions had to be discreetly framed if he did not wish the fact of his rejection to become common talk, and he could not press the investigation. Instead he sought absorption in work, but the practice of a country lawyer seldom proves absorbing, and Hardy grew thin and white while he waited and hoped for a clearing up of the trouble.

He was sitting idly at his desk one afternoon when T. C. poked her head into the doorway and, finding that he was alone, entered boldly.

"What is it, Peterkin?" he asked, printing a kiss on the child's troubled face. "Have you been telling the minister what your father said when he was asked to contribute to the church fund, or did you explain to the guests at the party that the salad was made with canned lobster?"

"Worse 'an that," was the doleful declaration as T. C. snuggled against the broad shoulder. "The school committee visited this afternoon. Mr. Sprague asked us what love was, and I told him it was the way the principal acted with Miss Summers. They all laughed, but Miss Squires got red in the face, and I was expelled. It is the truth," she added defiantly. "He kisses her when he thinks no one can see him, and she calls him 'Georgie.' I wouldn't call any man with whiskers 'Georgie,' like a little boy."

"Wait until you grow up," admonished Hardy. "But, see here, Peterkin, I know Mr. Torrance very well. Perhaps I can beg you off if you promise to keep out of his love affairs in future."

"You just bet I will!" declared T. C. with unction. "Lovers are funny people. There's Nell just crying her eyes out because you carry some other girl's picture in your watch."

"What do you know about that picture?" asked Hardy tensely. "Did you tell Nell about that?"

"I saw it one day when you left your watch on the desk," explained T. C. "I didn't tell Nell. I just said it was funny that you had another girl's picture in your watch when Nell's new pictures are so much prettier."

Hardy sprang up from his desk and set T. C. upon her feet.

"Look here, Peterkin," he proposed. "You take this dime and find a place where you can get ice cream soda. Don't be in too much of a hurry to drink it. Better get two. Meantime I'll slip over to the house and sort of prepare them for the news that you are expelled."

T. C. gurgled a delighted assent, and presently they emerged from the office building, and T. C. went skipping along to the candy store, while Jack made for the Westervelt home.

Nell was sitting on the shade piazza as he came up the path. As she saw him she rose to her feet, but it was too late for a graceful retreat. He sprang up the steps and caught her hand.

"Don't go in," he pleaded. "Let's sit out here. It is more pleasant."

"Shall I call father?" she asked. "He is in the library."

"I hope to see him before I go," declared Hardy meaningly. "But first I want to speak to you."

Nell flushed at the suggestion, but she resumed her place in the rocker, and Jack drew a chair to her side.

"When I asked you to marry me you said something about another girl," he began, plunging directly into the subject. "At the time I suspected that T. C. might be able to explain the allusion, but I did not dare question her too closely lest I give forth more information than I obtained. She let it out today. Was it because of that other girl in my watch that you refused me, Nell?"

"No woman cares to be counted second best," was the defensive reply. "Have you changed the photograph again?"

"I have not changed," he said slowly "but I want you to see it."

He held the watch toward her with the back case open. She saw the likeness of a gentle faced woman who somehow suggested an earlier period in spite of the modern photography. Silently she passed it back to Hardy and waited for an explanation.

"This is my father's watch," he began. "The picture is that of my mother. When she died we had only an old painting of her. Father had it copied and they made a splendid job of it. That is why I have another woman's picture in my case. When you spoke of 'the other woman' I could not know that Sally had been investigating my watch. She found it on my desk one day. I just learned this and understood your feeling of resentment."

"I supposed that you knew and had no explanation to offer."

"And you will give me another answer now?" he asked as he gained possession of her hand.

An hour later a freckled face thrust itself above the hedge of the Westervelt lawn; then, seeing Hardy on the piazza, T. C. came boldly forward.

"Did you fix it, Jack?" she demanded. Hardy blushed.

"I was fixing another of your scrapes," he explained. "Nell, Peterkin has been expelled from school, but I have promised to see Torrance for her behalf. Meanwhile, I have promised that she will not be scolded."

"I couldn't scold her this afternoon," said Nell as he gathered her troublesome little sister to her breast. "You make a great deal of trouble for people, T. C., sometimes, but then again you set them right."

"I'm not to blame that there isn't any stopper to my brain," was the aggrieved explanation. "Jack knows that. That's why he fixed things for me all right."

"You're a dear," said Nell and Jack in chorus, and for once the town crier had the comfortable feeling that she was appreciated.

Going to School in Burma.

Shortly after the native college was opened at Rangoon the head, the Rev. Dr. Marks, says in the Church Family Paper that the king of Burma came to him and asked if he would teach some of his sons. When he agreed the king asked, "What ages do you like them at?"

"From twelve to fourteen."

The king turned to one of his assistants and commanded:

"Bring all my sons between twelve and fourteen to me."

Nine princes came in.

Four came to school the next day, each riding on an elephant and with two golden umbrellas. Each also was escorted by forty soldiers. Afterward the whole nine came, so there were nine princes, nine elephants, eighteen golden umbrellas and 360 soldiers.

Unlike Mary's lamb, Dr. Marks says, the elephants stayed outside, but when the princes came into the schoolroom all the other boys threw themselves flat down with their faces to the ground. It was forbidden for any one to stand or sit in the presence of princes.

Dr. Marks found this state of things very inconvenient and put the matter to the princes. They talked the situation over and made up their minds what to do.

"You fellows may get up," one of the princes said. "You need not be frightened."

"After that," says Dr. Marks, "we had very little difficulty on the score of etiquette."

RECKLESS AARON BURR.

The Dramatic Story of His Marriage in Old Age.

The story of Aaron Burr's marriage in his old age to the widow of Stephen Jumel, who was well known in the early history of New York city, is a dramatic one.

Conceive, if you will, the picture of Burr, gifted adventurer that he was, broken in health, branded in the popular mind as the murderer of Alexander Hamilton and returning from a long exile to find himself an outcast in the city where he had once been the political monarch of all he surveyed and a distinguished figure in society and at the bar. Conceive, if you can, this lamentable old man, smirking through his wrinkles, bowing and prancing rather stiffly because of his rheumatic joints and with his mouth full of pretty platitudes, paying court to the widow of Stephen Jumel, herself in the prime of years and health. Remove from the picture its surface incongruities, and you have a bit of pure pathos unequaled in the annals of foolish great men.

But something of his old time power to charm the gentler sex must have stood by him in his years of mental and physical misery, for in his suit for the widow Jumel's hand and fortune he won gloriously, dramatically. Rebuffed, repeatedly, Burr finally declared in passionate rage that on a given day he would arrive at the Jumel mansion accompanied by a clergyman, who should marry them on the spot. He would give his prospective bride no quarter, no chance of escape from the inevitable.

She was amused at the threat and dismissed the old man with more than her usual coldness of demeanor. Burr stuck to his avowal and one July day rolled up in a carriage, and with him was a minister, the same who fifty years before performed the marriage ceremony for Burr and the mother of his daughter, the beautiful Theodosia. There was something of a scene in the old house on this day. There were tears of anger on the part of Burr. Relatives remonstrated. Burr remained immovable. All feared a scandal. The minister, book in hand, stood unobtrusively in the background. There were more tears, more declarations of undying love, and the widow Jumel became Mrs. Aaron Burr.

They were married in the great drawing room of the Jumel mansion. Burr squandered with reckless hand the wealth acquired by Stephen Jumel and left for the enjoyment of his marital partner. There were many bitter quarrels between the ill mated pair, and they were soon divorced. Burr died in 1836, but madam lived until 1865, dying a recluse and a miser, the money received from the Jumel estate hoarded in an unused chamber.

Stones and Glass Houses.

The origin of the saying, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," is as follows: At the time of the union of England and Scotland London was inundated with Scotchmen, and the London roughs used to go about at night breaking their windows. Buckingham being considered the chief instigator of the mischief, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, known as the Glass House. The court favorite appealed to the king, who replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones!"—New York American.

Mathematics at Oxford.

There is an interesting story which shows the disposition of Oxford toward mathematics. A venerable don who had bought half a dozen books at 8s. 6d. each requested the bookseller to give him a piece of paper for the purpose of arriving at the amount. He then wrote down 8s. 6d. six times, one under the other, and was slowly adding them up when the shopman ventured to point out the shorter method of multiplying one 8s. 6d. by 6. "Dear me!" exclaimed the don, "Really, that is most ingenious, most ingenious."—London Globe.

Anticipating Him.

Night after night the exceedingly quiet and backward youth had called on a neighboring farmer's daughter, sitting perfectly mute beside her while she did all the entertaining. This night, however, the youth, wishing for a glass of water, suddenly surprised her by blurting out, "Say, Sal, will you"—

"Don't exert yourself, Reuben," she interrupted. "I understand. Yes. Have you brought the ring?"—Bohemian Magazine.

The Toast of an Irishman.

Michael Meyers Shoemaker wrote "Wanderings in Ireland." An old Irishman read a fragment of it that related to the reader's neighborhood. He asked the name of the author. "Mr. Shoemaker, is it?" he commented. "A nice gentleman, I'll go bail. 'Tis a fine country he chose to travel in too. May the heavens be his bed for choosing it, and may every hair in his honor's head be a mold candle to light his soul to glory!"

Logical Conclusion.

First Burglar—Hark! I hear some one talking. Second Burglar—What's he saying? First Burglar—That he never will bet on another horse as long as he lives. Second Burglar—Let's get out of this. No money here. He's lost every cent.—London Tit-Bits.

At Last.

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the great explorer joyfully, "at last I have found the missing link!"

And, crawling from under his bed, he proceeded to put the small gold affair in his clean cuff.—New York Journal.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS, Minor office, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Railroad Courtship.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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Alice Twitchell stood in the concourse of the Grand Central station bemoaning her fate. She had just missed the 3:45 for Greenwich. Something (or was it some one?) struck her violently in the back, and she swung round just as a young man dashed by to the closed gate. She was adjusting a shaken puff when the youth returned full of apologies.

"I beg your pardon, but I did want to catch that 3:45 train the worst way," he said as he mopped his brow.

"So did I," replied Alice with emphasis, "but I did not think it necessary to employ personal violence as a means of catching it."

Alice turned from the apologetic man, who, stood regarding her with open admiration. The latter or something indefinable in his personality added to the thought of the two hours she had to wait before the next train left for Greenwich, made her hesitate.

"You deserve some form of punishment suited to your offense," she said, with charming assumed severity.

"Oh, I say," continued the man, "I'm no professional slugger, you know. Just a plain, everyday lawyer running out of town for a holiday," and he produced his card in verification of the statement. "And maybe you'll be easier when I tell you that there was a girl on that train I've been trying to meet for two years."

Alice read the name on the card: "Mr. Walter Witherspoon." Then she smiled. He followed her into the waiting room, and they sat down on the uncomfortable benches. Conversation of an impersonal but interesting nature made the wait remarkably short. Once settled in comfortable Pullman chairs they were like old traveling companions.

"You see," Mr. Witherspoon was explaining, "this girl I missed on the other train is a peach, the prettiest girl ever except you."

"Don't you think we might have a window open, Mr. Widgerspoon?" Alice interrupted. Witherspoon opened the window and turned the conversation into a less personal channel.

"Where do you visit in Greenwich?"

"Oh, no one that is, I—oh I am going to visit my grandmother," answered Alice, with halting speech.

"I bet she's a dear old lady," assured Witherspoon. "Now, this other girl that I was going to meet—she had no relatives."

Alice offered no interruption this time, and he rattled on.

"She's an orphan, no brothers, sisters, mother or grandmother—nobody but herself. The Hardys are giving a celebration of their wedding anniversary, and they asked Miss Twitchell and me. And, well, you know that all happy brides are matchmakers! But I'm jolly glad I missed her, 'cause"—

"The next station is ours, I think," suggested Alice.

"By Jove, so it is," agreed Witherspoon. "How time does fly in good company! Say, there's a cinap, Billy Brewster, who's going to be there, and he gets all the girls under the spell of his fascination. I thought if I could just head him off with this other girl—but now"—

"Greenwich!" shrieked the conductor.

It was quite dark when the two left the train, and Witherspoon made reluctant adieus to his companion. He offered to find her carriage, but she declined this assistance. Then he asked if he might know her name.

"Smith," said Alice, "just S-m-i-t-h, the old fashioned spelling, you know," and she was lost in the darkness and the crowd.

Billy Brewster met Witherspoon with the trap, but seemed surprised to find him alone.

"Where's Miss Twitchell, old chap? She didn't come up on the other train," said Brewster as they climbed in the trap.

"Hanged if I know, Bill," assured Witherspoon. "And, for that matter, I don't care. I met the most beautiful girl on the train, and I'm all in. If it takes me a lifetime I'll find her again and marry her."

"You ought to have lived in the twelfth century, Walter. They carried off the women by force in those days," encouraged Billy.

Once inside the Hardy country home the men were called to account. Where was Miss Twitchell? Mrs. Hardy expressed so much solicitude that Billy Brewster offered to go back and look for her guest once more.

Witherspoon turned to go to his room and change his clothes for the evening when the bell rang and Mrs. Hardy opened the door to admit the lost guest. Witherspoon caught her voice and stood glued to the stairs.

"Oh, I'm here all right," she said airily. "Came up in a station trap. I missed the 3:45 and had to wait for the 5:45. Now, do let me run up to my room and get into a comfy light frock, and then I'll tell you all about it."

Half an hour later Witherspoon repaired to the drawing room. His collar seemed a bit too small, for he kept pulling at it. Why did his vest keep riding up? He pulled it down once, twice and then again. Perhaps he was nervous. He stood by an open window smoking a cigaretta, trying to look perfectly calm, when the rustle of silken flounces made him change color.

"Walter, come here," called Mrs. Hardy. "I want you to know the dearest girl, Miss Twitchell. You've heard us talk about her so often."

And, as usual, the woman saved the day.

"Mr. Witherspoon and I are old friends," said Alice as she took his hand and looked up into his eyes with a merry twinkle in her own. "But the person I want to meet is the invincible Mr. Billy Brewster, said to be world famed for his fascination."

The guests at Mrs. Hardy's celebration, which lasted until Monday morning, promptly realized that two of the party were almost continually missing from the circle. When a bridge whist game was announced neither Mr. Witherspoon nor Miss Twitchell could be induced to make up a table. When swimming was suggested in the morning Alice declared it a bore to get ready, and Witherspoon agreed that sitting on the porch was preferable to a dip in cold water.

Try as he would, Billy Brewster could not secure a moment's conversation with Alice without seeing Witherspoon inconsiderately near and glowering at him. To be sure, they condescended to appear at meals with the other guests, and at the dance Saturday night Witherspoon was decently attentive to his hostess.

Monday morning arrived with unseemly haste, and who can say how it happened that the wagouette would hold only six of the eight guests returning to town? And who will explain how it happened that Witherspoon and Alice were the two selected to go in a hired trap?

It struck Alice that the drive to the station was much longer than coming from it, despite the most agreeable company by her side. Finally the old horse drew up alongside the platform and Witherspoon helped her out. She looked in all directions for their fellow guests.

"Why, where are the rest of our crowd?" she asked in amazement.

"A-hem!" started Witherspoon. "It looks as if we had missed another train."

"How can that be?" suggested Alice.

"We started at the same time they did, and now we will have to wait thirty minutes for the next train. How could it have happened?" she repeated.

"Well, the fact is," confessed Witherspoon, "it didn't happen by accident. I paid the driver $2 to miss the train."

Alice looked at him searchingly to see if she really heard him aright.

"You see," continued Witherspoon, "I wasn't going to have Billy Brewster starring at us all the way in town. I wanted you all to myself. And I want to say something to you."

"Not here in a railroad station!" cried Alice, with feminine premonition of what that something was.

"Why not?" asked Walter recklessly. "We're all alone, and I want to tell you that I love you, and, oh, Alice, won't you say 'Yes'?"

"What the New York train?" yelled the station agent.

"Yes, of course," replied Alice.

Witherspoon beamed on her and grasped her hand. "Oh, sweetheart if you knew what a happy man I am and do you really love me?"

"I was speaking to the station agent when I said 'Yes,'" said Alice blushingly. "But maybe the same answer will do for both."

Old Fashioned Wit.

The standard of wit varies from time to time. What passes for the genuine article at one period without challenge is at another condemned as puerile. Stories were commonly told of Beau Brummel and his friends which there is good reason to believe to be authentic, but which would now be regarded as too silly for credence. The famous man about town once laid a wager with the prince regent that he would see the greater number of cats if the prince chose which side of Regent street he pleased. As the result Brummel saw about twenty, while the prince had not encountered one. He was asked to explain the system on which he had gambled and did so thus: It was a very hot morning, and George IV., who liked to take his ease, chose the shady side of the street. But cats like sunshine and gratified their inclination by sunning themselves in large numbers.

Beau Nash's wagers were not always so successful, and he once found himself nonplused by a young woman at Bath. Having bet that he would "take a rise" out of the girl, he addressed her with the remark that no doubt she was familiar with her Bible and had read the history of Tobit and his dog. "Now," said he, "can you tell me the dog's name?" The reply was as prompt as it was pertinent: "Oh, yes, sir. His name was Nash, and a very impudent dog he was."—London Globe.

Cards Are Out.

"I am glad your name is Mary," said Mr. Slowcoach to his sweetheart, whom he has been courting for several years.

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because I was reading today and came across a line which said, 'Mary is the sweetest name that a woman ever bore.'"

"That is poetically expressed. I've heard my father say it to mother, whose name is Mary. It is from some poet, isn't it?"

"I believe so."

"But I've heard my father say there was even a sweeter name than Mary."

"I think he must have been mistaken," said the lover as he tenderly pressed his sweetheart's hand.

"No. I don't think he was mistaken."

"What was the other name?"

A beautiful flush suffused the maiden's cheek, the silken lashes fell and veiled the lovely eyes, and, in a tone as soft as the whisperings of an aeolian harp, she murmured:

"Wife!"—London Answers.

PASTIMES OF MADMEN.

Cunning and Ingenuity Displayed by the Insane.

Some of the inventions of the insane are of scientific value. A patient at Villejuif invented a "panification machine" by combining a bottle, a plank and small metallic tubes, to which he had fitted faucets. Having set up his machine he produced loaves of bread the size of a man's head. The bread was good—so good that it was decided to make the machine known. One day when it was in action the doctor suggested taking a photograph of it. The inventor watched him as if petrified for a moment, then he fell upon the machine, wrenched it apart and trampled it underfoot. The invention, an exceedingly useful one, was lost, because no one had seen him make it, and no one dares speak of it to him. To allude to it is to bring on a furious attack.

Most lunatics, no matter how contented they may be, generally cherish a furtive longing to escape. They collect wax from the polished floors, take the impressions of locks and make keys from empty sardine boxes, spoon handles or anything to be found. Dr. Marie's museum includes a collection of knives of strange and unheard of shapes. Some of them have blades made from pieces of glass or slate and set in handles of corset steels. Objects harmless in themselves become dangerous weapons through the ingenuity of madmen.

Insane sculptors are as common as insane painters. The insane sculptor hews out coarse statuettes, fantastic animals, ferocious little horned and grimacing devils. An ex-mechanic carves all his soup bones. That his old trade is still in his memory is shown by the little screws that he makes out of the smaller pieces of bone. He works all day at his senseless and ridiculous task. Another lunatic, who believes he is the incarnation of the soul of Beelzebub, passes his time carving toy tops out of wood. Each pair of his creations are joined together, now at the necks, now at the shoulders.—Henri B. Meyer in Harper's Weekly.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

They Succeeded the System of Nomination by Caucus.

Conventions have always nominated our presidents and vice presidents. For more than thirty years presidential candidates were named by a caucus composed of members of the house and the senate. This system died when in 1824 the caucus insisted upon by Martin Van Buren and other friends of William H. Crawford, of Georgia, defeated Crawford, which threw the election into the house on account of the scattering electoral vote caused by the entrance of Clay, Calhoun, Jackson and John Quincy Adams in the race. This threw in elected Adams.

The campaign of 1828 in consequence was somewhat demoralized, and 1832 the Republicans followed the example the anti-Masonic party had set the year before and met in convention in Baltimore to nominate Henry Clay. The Democrats held their first national convention in the same city the following year, nominating Martin Van Buren for vice president. The dominating figure of the party, Andrew Jackson, needed no indorsement of his candidacy for the presidency.

The Democrats in 1835 and 1840 nominated Van Buren for the presidency in Baltimore, and the Whigs nominated Clay in the same place in 1844, when the Democrats named Polk.

In 1835 Ronalus M. Saunders introduced the two-thirds rule to the Democratic convention, and it was adopted. The customs installed at these earlier conventions which succeeded the tyranny of the caucus chamber have been continued and added to from time to time, and the conventions today are merely the descendants of those that nominated Clay and Van Buren.—Charles Wadsworth Camp in Metropolitan Magazine.

Horizon.

A man calls it the horizon where the earth and the sky seem to meet, but a woman's notion of the horizon is the families she can see moving in from behind her front window curtains. If, further, they hang out their washing in a spirit of candor, they are, of course, all the more so. The horizon is caused by a number of things, chief among them the gregarious instinct. Only for this next door would mean as little as tariff revision or pure food or international arbitration. It takes a star or something of that sort to rise above the horizon, but a very ordinary woman may rise above it.—Life.

The Cult of the Hotel.

"Hotel" is a French word, but a thoroughly British institution. If its great hotels were suppressed London would no longer be London—that is to say, the London of society, the theater, literature, politics, art and fashion. The hotel is one of the essential factors of London life.—Milan Corriere Della Serra.

A Comparison.

Mrs. Giles (anxiously asking after rector's health)—Well, sir, I be glad you says you be well, but there—you be one of these "hail doers," as I calls 'em (ale 'em the best o' vittels, and it don't do 'em no good)—there be pigs like that!—London Punch.

First Necessity.

"How would you define a 'crying need?'" asked the teacher of the rhetoric class.

"A handkerchief," replied the solemn young man with the wicked eye.—Chicago Tribune.

The great and the little have need of each other.—Shakespeare.

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Humble Folk

By C. D. LEWIS.

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In a way they had been engaged for a year or more, Tom Salters and Linda Green—in a way, I say, because the humble people living in the coves or scattered cabins on the sides and crests of the southern mountains do not speak of "engagements."

It is taken for granted that when a "young feller" "hangs around" the cabin of a mountaineer possessing a marriageable daughter he has matrimony in view, and when the nearest neighbors are called in to see the couple jump the broomstick or stand up before a traveling preacher to be made one there is no surprise and little comment.

The father of Linda Breen had no questions to ask of Tom Salters. He had known his father for years. Tom had as yet no questions to ask of Linda's sire. Neither Linda nor her mother had referred to the subject. Many times when Joe Breen and the young man were out hunting squirrels or walking to the village together Tom would suddenly say without preface:

"Reckon, m'n Linda better git hitched."

And the father of Linda would throw away the old quid, bite off another and after chewing away for a couple of minutes would reply:

"Yes, I reckon."

That evening the father would have a few words to say to the mother in private, and at a later hour she would casually remark to the daughter:

"Tom Salters wants you, and I reckon you'll be gittin in a fewsdays."

Nineteen times out of twenty the marriage would follow. There would be a new squat of land taken up, a new pole cabin built, and another family would go on making mountain history. But in this case no marriage followed. It was all on account of the arrival of Tom Salter's uncle from a village in the lowlands. He was in business down there and wanted help, so he had come for Tom.

Tom had no education, but he had native wit. He was known to be a "right smart" young man. The uncle talked of gibraltar field, a chance for education and a rise in the world. Linda must wait. At the end of a year or two Tom could come back and marry her and take her away.

And in the twilight of a summer's evening Tom and Linda sat on a log in front of her father's cabin, a space of a foot between them. Both looked into vacancy, and he told her of the plan.

He talked in a jerky, disjointed way, but she understood as well as if he had been a silver tongued orator. He had talked for her mind. He meant to matter. He had no thought of disloyalty.

The road seemed straight and clear to him and he did not dream that there was a knife at her heart as she listened.

Men will never understand how far-reaching woman's intuition is. The girl followed Tom's words, and yet she saw months and months and months ahead of them.

Two or three times she instinctively reached out her hand as if to detain him, but drew it back without his having observed the action. Two or three times there were tears in her eyes, but she took care that he should not see them.

"Well, what do you reckon?" he asked as he had finished and the silence had lasted for a long minute.

"Better go, I reckon," was the reply.

What other answer could she have made, a tousled, barefooted, ignorant girl of the mountains, and yet would her woman's pride seek to detain him when he had proposed the separation?

They sat together for five minutes longer, and then they separated, she to enter the cabin and seek its darkest corner to let her tears flow and he to shake hands with her father and mother and bid them goodby.

It may be said of the lovers that both could "write a scrawl or two and both could read a scrawl or two," so scrawls passed between them. They were weekly at first, and then there were longer intervals. If Tom did not write, Linda could not answer. Then one day there came a neighbor who had seen Tom in person in his new field.

The speaker did not mean to wound or bruise, but he had seen a new Tom Salters, one who was no longer of those on the mountains. He had forgotten the crags and peaks for the streets of the town.

When the man had departed Linda's mother wanted to look her in the eyes. Linda wanted to do the same by her mother. Instead of so doing both turned their heads away. They said nothing of Tom.

What happened was all simple and natural. Tom Salters had entered upon a new life. It offered numberless attractions to the young man who had never traveled ten miles from the cabin in which he had been born, and it was but natural that he should soon begin to forget the old life and all that he had left behind.

His scrawls were indited at longer intervals and finally ceased altogether. He came to almost ignore the few mountain men he had known in other days. They looked at his new clothes, noted his speech and walk and went away shaking their heads. In their opinion this was rank disloyalty to the mountains.

By and by there came another messenger to the cabin in the cove where Linda waited. Again there was no desire to wound or bruise, but simply to impart news. Tom Salters was "shining up" to a handsome young girl down there in the town.

He had become almost a gentleman. No matter how right smart he had been before leaving home, he had surely become right smarter after his life among townsfolk. He would never return. He would marry and settle down where he was.

All this and much more Linda listened to with her elbows on her knees and her head in her hands. She sat thus after the caller had departed, and her mother dared not break the silence. It was Linda herself who broke it at last by lifting her head and quietly saying:

"I never reckoned on his comin back. We hain't goin to speak of him no mo'."

The mother crossed the room and patted the daughter on the shoulder and the incident was closed. Mr. Breen was not even informed of the gossip.

Linda had not sung for months. She began singing now. She had not rambled from the cabin for weeks. She now began taking long walks. Laughter came to her lips once more, and when she stopped at the little post office and was told that there was no letter her smile was not replaced by a look of disappointment.

"Linda's forgot about Tom and is gittin purter than ever," remarked the father to the mother one evening as they sat alone.

The mother did not answer. She looked at him in contempt. As a mother she knew that Linda was simply breaking her heart. The true woman suffers most when she struggles most. She was watching Linda. There was an undefined fear that the girl's reckless spirit might lead to tragedy.

Weeks passed, however, and nothing happened—nothing, except that Linda grew pale cheeked and thin, and a note of defiance rang in her laughter. She was suffering and yet defying the pain.

Then came a crisis. She was a mile down the mountain road one day, seated on a bowlder where she had often sat before watching the highway winding down into the lowlands and the busy world she knew not of, when a human figure came into view half a mile below. She recognized it even at that distance. A blush came to her cheek, and her eyes flashed. Tom Salters was coming back at last.

She saw that he was dressed as she had last seen him and that he walked with weary step and dejected attitude. Until he was within a quarter of a mile the girl was hushing and trembling and ready to raise her hand and shout a glad welcome. Then she became a thing of stone, except that she moved her eyes to note his progress. He did not discover her until he was within a hundred feet. Then he dropped the satchel he was carrying and sprang forward, her name on his lips.

The girl slightly inclined her head, but there was ice in her look.

"And you won't shake hands? You won't howdy? You won't say"—

She motioned to him to sit at her feet, and in a weary, hopeless way he obeyed. He waited a long minute and then in a husky voice began:

"I have come back to stay. I was a fool to go away. I was born up here, an' I might have known I wasn't kitten for down there. Mebbe somebody told you that I tried to be one of 'em. Yes, I did. I wore shoes. I wore store clothes. I tried to talk like 'em an' act like 'em, but I wasn't kitten. I thought I might be, but I never could be. Won't you speak to me, Linda?"

"I am on," she replied, still without looking at him.

"Mebbe mebbe somebody from up yere told you about—about a gal down there. Yes, there was one. I fell in love with her, an' she—she made fun of me. She laughed at me. An', Linda, the fellers mocked me an' put upon me an' ran a game of me. I dun couldn't stan it no mo', an' so I have come back—come back to you—all. Won't you speak to me?"

For two minutes the girl sat and looked down the road as she had looked before. Then she rose, passed Tom and went up the road—went slowly up the road toward home and never looked back.

Unlearned, unlettered and ignorant of the ways of the world, she had the heart of the highest woman in the land, and she demanded expiation for a lover's disloyalty. Her mother read in her face what had happened and simply put an arm around her and whispered:

"There, there, child—by and by."

One evening three months later Linda sat in the moonlight on the same old log at the door. Again her elbows were on her knees and her face in her hands. By and by some one knelt before her and lifted her head and looked into her eyes and said:

"Can't you do it now, Linda?"

"Yes, I reckon," she replied as she gave him her hand.

And that, too, was "just like a woman!"

Begging Letters.

"Nowhere is the ingenuity of the present age more apparent than in the begging letters received by rich men," said a private secretary. "I have been reading letters of that kind by the hundred for the past fifteen years. Formerly all begging letters sounded alike. So stereotyped were they that they might have been copied bodily from a ready letter writer. Now the writers display originality. They may want the same old thing that their predecessors wanted, but they ask for it in a different way. People in need have acquired the art of expressing themselves in a dramatic way. That is to their advantage. It may be unjust, but usually the letter that hits the rich man hardest brings the most favorable reply. The writer may not really need assistance nearly so badly as some timid suppliant who clings to trite phrases, but he gets the relief asked for every time."

Beautifully Arranged.

Brown—Well, you've got the quarter. Is your sister coming down?

"I've arranged it beautifully, old chap. I told her it was you first, and she said to tell you she was out, and then I said I was fooling and that it was Charley Jones, and you ought to have seen her hustle to get into a clean shirt waist! She'll be right down!"

Like a Bicycle.

"What does the doctor say is the matter with Miranda?"

"He says she has pneumatic tendencies and that she is threatened with spiral trouble."—Baltimore American.

MYSTERY OF DREAMS

Whence Come the Warning Visitors We See In Sleep?

TWO VERY PUZZLING CASES.

One Where Mother and Son Both Got Tidings of Disaster at the Same Time and One Where a Child Saw Her Father Saved in a Shipwreck.

Out of 149 dreams of a very striking kind investigated by one of the leading psychic research societies no fewer than seventy-nine related to a death, and perhaps the rarest of all these dreams is the case where two persons dreamed the same thing on the same night, and the episode came true. This striking instance is reported by the Rev. R. B. Ellerton:

"A woman parishioner of mine," he says, "whose husband was a fisherman, at that time on the sea, dreamed one night in terribly vivid fashion that his little craft had been cut in two by the towering steel bows of a great liner. Her eldest son was with the husband, and as she woke she screamed out, 'Oh, save my boy, my boy!' This was remarkable enough, considering the sequel, but almost at the very moment the poor woman was in her distress, yet still asleep, another son was pounding at her door, half asleep and half awake, and crying, 'Oh, mother, where is father?' The terrified woman now rose and let the boy in. He was crying. He told her he had distinctly heard his father's heavy tread coming up the stairs and his ponderous kick with sea boots against the door, as had been his manner when returning abruptly from a long cruise. Next morning the alarmed mother and wife told all the neighbors, and before the day was out the dreadful news came that every detail of her dream was true. The little two thing inquisitive boat ran into by a coasting liner, nearly cut in two and sank with all hands, including her husband and son."

Premonitory dreams occupy a large part of the psychological records; and the following case is a very puzzling one: A Mrs Spruit lived at Balmain, one of the suburbs of Sydney, Australia. Her husband was a sea captain in command of the Atacama, a wooden ship of 1,500 tons, which had arrived in Sydney in a leaking state and was picked up there by a firm known as Quelch, Shaw, Reed & Co., Ltd. Twice as much was spent in repairs, and then the Atacama was sent up the coast with a cargo of coal. She divorced this and [illegible] for Newcastle [illegible] abandoned the ship and launch the three boats. The captain himself, with the seaman, the steward, boatswain and an apprentice, was in the twenty-four foot lifeboat, while the rest of the crew, twelve in all, were in the other two boats. Heavy seas were running, and the boats were nearly swamped. As Spruit could not swim, he was nearly drowned. Some of his men were lost. Their situation was indeed fearful in boats half filled with water and exposed to a fierce gale 400 miles from land. Again and again was Spruit washed out, but at last his boat was picked up when its occupants were in the last stages of exhaustion from fatigue, exposure and lack of food. A reporter of the Sydney Morning Herald called to interview the captain and found him barefooted, with terribly swollen legs, covered with severe cuts and bruises.

Now consider Mrs. Spruit's report to the Psychical Research society, which is most remarkable.

"Last Thursday week," she writes, "at 3 o'clock in the morning my thirteen-year-old daughter Lily came into my bedroom and woke me by a tap on my forehead. 'Oh, mamma,' she cried in a breathless whisper, 'I'm so frightened!' I tried to soothe her, but she only covered her face with her hands and whispered tremblingly: 'Oh, look! My papa's ship is all wrecked! Papa's come home all in rags, with his feet and legs cut, and I see two or three of his men drowned out of the boat.'

"I told Lily sternly it was all nonsense.

"'It isn't!' she said passionately. 'I've seen it in my dream, and I know it's all true!'

"But I coaxed her off to bed. The girl kept worrying about it until the next Sunday. A week after her dream my husband returned, and Lily found me crying when she came in from school.

"'Oh, mamma,' she cried sharply, 'is the Atacama wrecked?'

"I told her evasively her papa had come home.

"She was not to be denied, however, and asked, with strange persistence, 'Are papa's legs cut?'

"I said they were.

"And the very first thing she said to her father was: 'Why, you didn't have those clothes on when I saw you! The ones you had on were all torn in the shipwreck.'"

Lily Spruit herself furnished a report to the Psychical Research society. She said she woke in terrible fright, having seen every microscopic detail of the shipwreck and its sequel. She saw her father get into the big boat and keep close to his ship for some time. She watched his boat capsize and the boy Allen drown. What woke her, she said, was the howling of the wind about the wreck, and the last she saw was the other men pulling her father back into the waterlogged boat.—William G. Fitzgerald in New York Tribune.

Not Written.

"How do you write 'horn?'" asked the teacher of a small boy at the blackboard.

"A horn isn't written at all," answered the little fellow. "It's blowed."—Exchange.

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